

IN THE LAND OF FANCY
AND OTHER POEMS

by LIBBIE C. BAER

ILLUSTRATED



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IN THE LAND OF FANCY

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

LIBBIE C. BAER

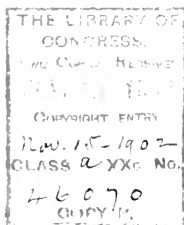


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In the Land of Fancy.

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Recd. M. S. S., Nov 8/20

TO THE MEMORY

OF HER SON

WHOSE AFFECTIONATE SYMPATHY, AND APPRECIATIVE INTEREST, ARE INSEPARABLY CONNECTED
WITH MANY OF THESE STANZAS,

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

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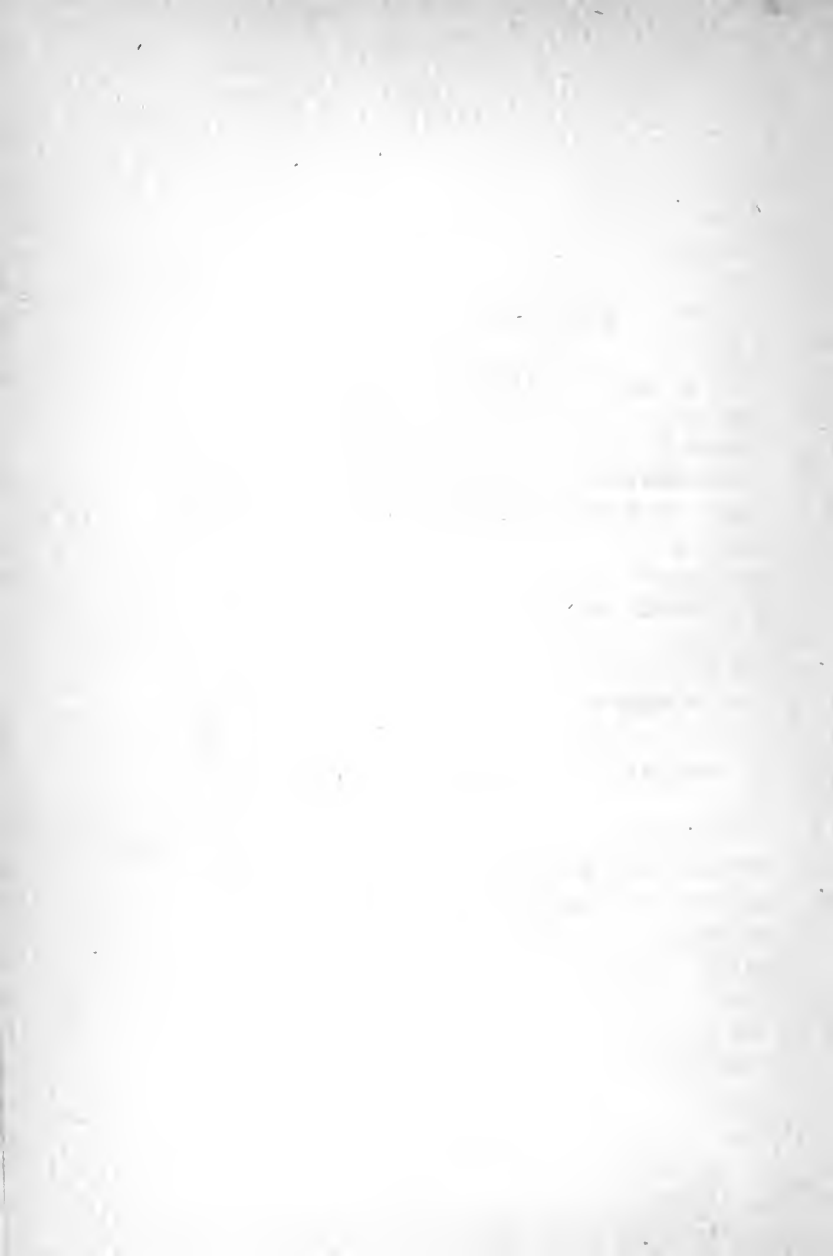
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By Mesdames Alexander, Botensek, Conkey, Miss
Amy Baker and Master John Miller Baer.

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INTRODUCTION.

It is many years since Macaulay uttered his false prophecy that the spirit of poetry would be crushed by the advent of electricity; that inspired verse, living canvas, sculpture and the other arts, would all be succeeded by prosaic and uninteresting materialism.

In purely imaginative poetry we may be lacking, but in the midst of our feverish exertion for convenience and wealth, there is a responsive chord left in the hearts of men which can only be touched by the poet's lyre; a chord which under all the seemingly hard, rude exteriors of commercialism, still vibrates with pathos, with sentiment and with tears.

Kipling appears, astonishes, thrills and delights the world with poetry which in originality and inspiration is worthy of the finest traditions of Anglo-American literature. He has proved that the great race of singers is not yet extinct and that men still will list with keenest enjoyment to the beauteous music born of the murmuring cadences of verse.

In America it is fashionable to proclaim that our great race of poets has no survivors. It is indeed true that there seems to be no successors to the sweet singers Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell and Emerson. But they wrought perhaps according to the particular needs of their age. We have a new generation of poets fulfilling our own ideals and ministering to our intellectual and moral necessities. The roster, while it is many times greater than in the golden days of "Thanatopsis," boasts many names of which any people and any age might be proud. Mr. Stedman himself—who spends his days in the mazes of finance and his leisure with the Muse—has supplied a noble vindication in his own exquisite poetry.

Within the pages of the present volume will be found another and delightful proof of the fact that we have poets in our midst, who are able to interpret their own inspirations and read and touch the hearts of others.

Although this is not Mrs. Baer's first appearance before the boards it is her first between them and it is sure to prove a pleasing *début*. No recent book of poetry which we remember, contains so many original fancies, so many lines which awaken finer feelings, or so many patriotic and joyous sentiments calculated to inspire the mind and quicken the heart-beat of young American

manhood. The book is a clarion-call to faith and duty.

The gifted authoress comes of a poetic lineage. Her ancestors on the paternal side were the two families Riley and Swing, and from the former descended the eminent poet and humorist James Whitcomb Riley; from the latter the distinguished philosopher and divine, Professor David Swing of Chicago. Even during childhood the author's poetic genius was exhibited and her whole life has been replete with benevolent and philanthropic effort.

The Woman's Relief Corps which is allied with the Grand Army of the Republic and which performed so many noble, helpful and brave deeds during the late war, has seldom bestowed a high position upon a more worthy and patriotic woman than Mrs. Baer. No one could better comprehend the anguish and suffering caused by the war with Spain than the devoted mother who surrendered to the nation the life of her best-loved son. No intelligent person could read the beautiful lines in this volume written to his memory, without a responsive chord of heartfelt sympathy.

The various recitations are most admirable and have already been used with great success by teachers and platform readers, notably by Miss Sadie Sherman of Marion, Indiana. These alone would

render this volume of poems unique and valuable. We envy "Young America" the delight of memorizing these pretty and humorous pieces, each unobtrusively instilling some lesson of goodness, purity and patriotism.

Mrs. Baer's enthusiastic love of country is most apparent in the inspired and tender lines addressed to "The Flag."

"O flag, from out thy folds I see
The face of one who died for thee;
Lest I might hate thee, tenderly
I fold thee to my heart—ah! me!
With anguished cry, 'It must not be.'
Thank God! though home and heart's bereft
I still have love of country left."

JOSEPH TYLER BUTTS.

“IN THE LAND OF FANCY”

AND OTHER POEMS.

IN THE LAND OF FANCY.

*Never a cloud to darken the blue,
Never a flower to lose its hue,
Never a friend to prove untrue
In the beautiful land of fancy.*

*Never a joy to turn to pain,
Never a hope to die or wane,
Never a boon we may not gain
In the beautiful land of fancy.*

*Never a heart turns false or cold,
Never a face grows gray or old,
Never a love we may not hold
In the beautiful land of fancy.*

*All of life that we crave or miss,
(The world denies us half its bliss),
Free, untrammelled, we have in this—
In the beautiful land of fancy.*



PART I.

SENTIMENTAL POEMS.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Love is joy and love is sorrow;
Love is sweet and bitter, too,
Love is old as all creation,
Yet is love forever new.

Love is deep and love is cruel;
Love is tender, love is kind;
Love will come not at your bidding,
Yet no place but love will find.

Love will die unflinching for you,
Love will kill as quick as hate;
Love will brave the wrath of thunders,
Yet will weep if barred by fate.

You that love, you have my pity,
You that have not loved at all,
I will hope out of compassion
Love will soon give you a call.

FANCY FREE.

Sweet fancy, thou art free!
Plume thou thy wings for flight,
Aye, cleave the clouds of night,
O'er sail the turbid sea;
Leave all that clings to life of pain,
And haste to thine own realm again.

What golden shore is this?
Seen oft, yet ever new,
Sky of utopian blue,
Air pulsing with the bliss
That fills the soul with tranquil rest,
As birdling sheltered on its nest.

Withdrawn from earth-born strife,
Environments divine;
Soul joys alone are thine;
Forgotten cares of worldly life
The vital spark from earth mold free—
Soul born in throes of ecstasy.

Above the purple hills
The dark, yet radiant skies,
Whose stars are love-lit eyes
Whose silent language gently thrills

My pulsing veins; ah! Fancy fair,
Why build these castles in the air?

They are the resting place
Of pilgrims on the way;
The transients of a day,
Receiving strength and grace to cope,
With fate and stern reality,
The "God speed" of humanity.

LOVE.

The spring has come:
Whilst winter's snow is floating down
On autumn's leaves so sear and brown,
Life is renewed with rosy glow,
Nor feels the cold nor heeds the snow—
The spring has come.

The roses rare:
Born out of time, on bushes blown
From which I thought all life had flown,
This strange sight doth my vision meet,
On bushes dead with fragrance sweet,
Are roses rare.

I hear a bird:

A gladsome, sweet and thrilling note,
Though long ago each feathered throat
From leaf divested tree had fled,
Yet plainly now I hear o'erhead
The song of bird.

And this is love:

To wreathe with roses winter's brow,
To wave a wand where sad hearts bow;
To bring delight when joy had fled,
To life renew, to quicken dead—
Ah! This is love.

MY ENEMY.

And she is dead! I loved her not,
Yet wonder why my mind to-day
Doth seek and linger 'round the spot
Where lies so cold, her senseless clay.

I would not dare to venture near
To look at that which once was she,
And why is this? What need of fear?
I hated her, she hated me.

Why should I go where she lies dead?
 I would not see the scornful smile,
 The haughty lifting of the head
 With which she greeted me the while.

There was a time I loved her so,
 I had a hope I dare not name;
 I thought some time perhaps she'd know
 That I was not alone to blame.

Had I but spoken—she was kind—
 She would have listened. Cruel fate!
 Why have I been so mad, so blind;
 Why waited till it was too late?

I shall not see her cold, sweet face,
 'Twill haunt me to the day of doom;
 Remorse will make my life a waste,
 And love will weep above her tomb.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

(*Rondeau.*)

"It might have been," say you and I,
 On leaden wings the hours slip by;
 The joy we lost when sorrow came—
 The joy we missed, yet dare not name—
 "Nought else will fill the void," we cry,

"In the Land of Fancy"

So oft we feel that we *must* fly,
And far beyond the earth and sky
Forget the words that burn as flame—
"It might have been."

They say "true love can never die,"
Dissevered love will hover nigh,
Like ghosts, we may not shun or blame,
Nor yet caress, nor touch the same,
Which whispers our poor souls to try,
"It might have been."

ESSENCE OF LOVE.

"If I love you what is that to you?"
(An Old Saying.)

Ay, 'tis fair beyond earth's seeing,
Rare beyond all earthly things;
Sweet as passing fragrance fleeing
On the zephyr's noiseless wings.

Gentle as the dew in falling,
Or the unfolding of the flower;
Soul up-lifting, soul enthralling,
Undefinable its power.

Was it your face that passed by me?
Was it your voice that I heard?
Was it you that drawing nigh me
Gave caress and whispered word?

Not your face, for others see that,
What I see none else may view;
You yourself may doubt you be that
Which I've learned to know as you.

There are voiceless words that thrill us,
Which a sound from earth would mar;
As with joy and wonder fill us
Flash of swiftly falling star.

Not the star its swift path burning,
But the thought—"where has it flown?"
Fills with awe, and our soul's yearning
Burns a path unto its own.

If your radiance that's above you—
And to which I've found the way—
If for this then, I should love you,
What is that to you, I pray?

SPIRIT OF THE NIGHT.

Speak to me, Spirit of the Night!
Thou art an Angel in my sight;
To whom I come when lost to sleep,
That I may on thy bosom weep.
Thou holdest me, thou foldest me
So lovingly, and now
Thy fingers stray, and drive away
The fever from my brow.

Speak to me, Spirit of the Night!
With mourning robes, and face so white.
Mourn thou, the Sun God, gone away
With thy sweet sister, dazzling Day?
What magic balm makes thee so calm,
And silent in thy woe?
Free from unrest, which every breast
Forsaken e'er must know.

Speak to me, Spirit of the Night!
Say, Dost thy calm, prophetic sight
See thou, thyself, turned into Day?
With sable robes all put away,
To meet the Sun, supernal one,
Who'll fold thee to his breast,
And say: "Through pain, my chosen gain
This haven of the blest."

DOUBT AND LOVE.

(A Sonnet.)

"Love lives by faith," my lover to me said,
In earnest tones which loving thought imbue
With grace divine; such sense of honor, few
On earth attain; and by his fervor led,
My hopes to heaven on airy wings had sped;
When I for answer must—as woman e'er do
Needs question love, and say: "*Can man be true?*"
(O, cruel words, had they but been unsaid;)
A changed voice gave to me this cold reply:
With hollow laugh bereft of all delight.
"To question love doth but a doubt imply;
And doubt kills love." And lo! before my sight
Love died, and hurled from out an angry sky,
Hope bleeding fell upon the pall of night.

WHEN MY SOUL FINDETH WINGS.

Like roses the bright dream did pass,
On swift, noiseless footsteps away;
Like glistening dew on the grass,
Dissolving beneath the sun's ray.

"In the Land of Fancy"

Like voice of the lark that doth soar,
Through the golden haze of the dawn;
You hear it and bend to adore,
Just hear it and then it is gone.

The lark on his swift, flashing wings,
Keeps pace with the flowers in their flight;
And that's why when soaring he sings,
And passes so swiftly from sight.

I slept, and a vision did see,
Of eyes that were tender and blue;
I awoke to know that for me
The vision may never come true.

The lark soars no more in the skies,
He's gone with the roses and dew;
The face with the soft tender eyes,
Comes never to gladden my view.

My memory holds images fair,
Of all these beautiful things;
Which I will be seeking somewhere,
When my soul, as lark, findeth wings.

ILL-TIMED.

There was something born within me
 with the coming of life's dawn,
Yearning for that which it found not till
 life's summer days were gone;
Then at last it flashed upon me all the
 brightness of its gold,
Flood and warmth of summer's sunshine on a
 heart bereft and cold.

Not a bud to bloom for kisses of the
 drops of golden rain,
Not a germ to throb its answer through
 the mold and live again;
Not a bird to warble welcome—far O, far
 away they'd flown,
Seeking for a vanished summer and to
 this one were unknown.

Had they known, had my soul known it (ah!
 no word is half so sad—
None so sad as "had" it been so or the
 joy that we "have had.")
Out of season, out of reason, and than
 this, no sadder fate,
To outlive the hopes that quicken when
 alas! it is too late!

Still my soul did plead in anguish: "Hope
deferred and joys denied—
Give, O give to me fulfilment, though the will
of heaven's defied!"
And in answer to my pleading, the sweet hope
turned to regret,
Who sad eyes upon me turning, murmured this
one word: "*Forget.*"

PERHAPS.

The passion of the dream, perhaps,
May lessen as the days go by;
And thinking thus we may descry
Somewhere within the ebon sky
A flash of silver gleam, perhaps.

God never made in vain, perhaps,
A tender and aspiring soul,
To grant it but a meagre dole,
He yet may lead it to the goal,
As recompense for pain, perhaps.

Too oft we fret and grieve, perhaps,
Too apt to fly in face of fate,
And see our error when too late,
Whilst if we have the grace to wait
The boon we may receive, perhaps.

SPIRIT OF MY OWN TRUE LOVE.

Spirit of my own true love,
O, speak to me to-night;
How far away the stars above,
How softly falls their light.
E'en so with thee—e'en so with thee,
So far away—so near to me
Thy spirit seems to-night.

Spirit of my dream of dreams
O, speak to me to-night;
Through the stillness oft there seems
To steal a sweet delight;
And through the space—and through the space,
A soft caress falls on my face
Love of my dream of dreams!

Spirit of my life, my heart,
Since thou art far away,
The tears from 'neath my eyelids start
Each lonely night and day;
And yet if these our souls may meet
And ever hold communion sweet,
Our bodies—what are they.

THE LAND OF LOST DELIGHT.

Enwrapped in golden mist it lies,
Near boundaries of paradise,
Where music runs in rapturous rills
Whose liquid laughter cleaves the hills
In happy quest, with cunning wiles,
And rippling song, and dimpled smiles,
The verdant meadowland beguiles.

I know not how it came to me,
Or if by land or if by sea,
I reached its shores, I know but this
That I have tasted of its bliss,
Have heard the songs from infinite space,
That thrilled my soul in this fair place,
Where love and hope met face to face.

Swift to mine eyes the vision came,
And set my ardent soul aflame;
When grown too precious to my sight
It vanished as the stars of night;
My life's barque, mainly tempest-tossed,
Doth know not when the line it crossed
Where love was found and love was lost.

MY KING.

O, pen you can not tell to him how
 thrilled are you by fire,
 Transmitted through my finger tips
 defying all your art
 To shape these written letters to a
 kiss of mad desire,
 To picture all the love for him that's
 burning in my heart.

But tell him that of castles fair all
 worthy of a King,
 I'd give him if I only could, and treasure
 health and fame,
 'And every precious blessing, pen, O, tell
 him I would bring,
 'And write above all others there, in
 living fire his name.

'Ay, tell him that his every wish should
 not be craved in vain—
 I fain would pluck the brightest star
 from out the skies above,
 And it should be a kingdom fair in which
 that he might reign,
 The happiest of earthly Kings possessed
 of all, but love.

18 "In the Land of Fancy"

And when he grew unhappy for a word
 or a caress,
Which in his pride and affluence he slowly
 learned to miss,
O, then *my* heart should fly to him and
 bring its love to bless,
Each breath that erst did sigh for him should
 be the fondest kiss.

IT WILL NOT COME AGAIN.

It will not come again, I'll never see
The summer's gladsome season of bright flowers,
That crowned with glory all the golden hours
 When all my heart I freely gave to thee;
When sheltering peace seemed brooding in the
 skies,
The same as that which shone within thine eyes,
And rippling rapture thrilled that happy place,
And music of sweet birds o'errun the space,
 It will not come again.

It will not come again. True you may find
Fulfillment of the dream that's lost to me;
And brightest bloom of other summers see,
 And then perchance, thy friend may grow less
 kind,

And thou shalt feel the pain and mad suspense
That I have known through thy indifference;
And say of me: "She loved me to the last."
But vain regrets will not recall the past,
It will not come again.

THE SECRET.

Thrills my soul with secret thought;
Quick! give thy word for mine;
That thy lips shall breathe of naught
That my heart now tells to thine.
Hush! 'twas but the fickle glow
Of the moonlight on the snow.

Stand not in the cold moonlight
That doth now inconstant shine.
I can not trust the listening night
With the heart secret of mine.
Hush! 'tis but the restless breeze,
Stirring in the leafless trees.

Come from out the shadowy tree—
My heart is quick in affright!
The secret it would break to thee
It dare not tell to-night.

Hush! There are, tho' hid, you know,
Living things beneath the snow.

Sunshine falls, and spring wind blows
On the bed where hid from sight,
Bud and blossom of the rose
Soon will spring into the light.
Swelling buds to rose tree tell
Where the kiss of sunshine fell.

Redly now thy cheek doth glow,
Through the veil of soft moonlight;
'Neath thy eye-lids white as snow,
Gleam thine eyes as stars so bright.
Hush! Although our lips be sealed,
Love's sweet secret is revealed.

1889.

TOO LATE.

'A lifeless life, a warmthless fire,
'A voiceless song, a stringless lyre;
A hopeless hope, a hollow joy,
A gleam of gold that's but alloy;
Blind eyes that turn on cloudless day,
Bound feet that stand in thornless way.

The brimming fountains e'er to see,
Yet die of thirst continually;
Tasting the fruit that nectar drips
To turn to ashes on the lips;
In vain, in vain, the ill-timed fate,
Vouchsafed the precious boon—too late!

THE RAISING OF THE BAN.

There is a fate that knows my heart,
Its possibilities of bliss,
And yet decrees that it shall miss
Each joy, or gain a meagre part.

'Aye, just enough to tantalize—
To make it keenly feel the pain
Of knowing that it shall not gain
That which it would so fully prize.

Poor heart, with none to bless or save!
With vain imaginings sad as sweet,
With yearnings like the waves that beat
Within a rock-bound, sunless cave.

Till lo! The ceaseless toil hath brought
A recompense. On some glad day
They find the rock hath worn away,
A glimpse of heaven they have caught.

"In the Land of Fancy"

E'en so my heart so highly strung,
Which none save one may understand,
And which save to the master's hand
Shall keep its songs fore'er unsung.

Which for its master long did wait,
Alas! It sought through all the years,
Through unknown ways and rain of tears,
To find him when it was too late!

For there fate stood all mocking by,
She knew the life that she had marred,
From this new bliss should be debarred,
And heaven-born love in dungeons lie.

Her baneful smile struck like a knife;
For well she knew of all beside
The hardest this to be denied,
This ray of light to darkened life.

She hoped to see my tear-drops flow
Like Niobe's and hear the moan
Of heart disconsolate and lone
Undone by this most cruel blow.

I raised my head that she might see
A smiling and unflinching face
On which the heart's pain left no trace—
By art I wrought this mystery.

Aye, people said as I went past:
 "How happy and from care how free."
 None ever dreamed grief walked with me—
 So far I'd conquered fate at last.

Ah! Well she knew the subtle art
 And saw through all the hollow guise
 The yearning, burning, haunted eyes,
 The stricken, bleeding, hopeless heart.

She, ghoul-like, "cruel as the grave,"
 To know she'd wrought this misery
 And yet to wish the world might see
 The markings of the blow she gave.

And so she said: "Ah! Even now,
 If I should deign, I have the power
 To grant your wish. If for *one hour*
 I raise the ban, then will you vow

"That you, who have so reckless grown,
 Will ne'er again my laws defy,
 Or in the face of destiny fly,
 Or hide the wounds that mark my own?"

And to the tyrant I said: "Yes,
 I give my promise; set me free,
 And all my life I'll bend to thee
 If this one hour my life may bless."

"In the Land of Fancy"

And so that's how I came to *you*;
Came all unheard within your door—
You looked at me as ne'er before,
And when you smiled, ah, well I knew

That you were all I hoped to find,
You bade me welcome, aye, and more—
Who was it, dear, that closed the door?
And you were gentle, you were kind.

Then all the world did disappear
But just we two; but then you see
That "you were all the world to me,"
With none to chide or none to fear.

And you were gentle, you were kind,
And O, the moments sped away,
And I had but an hour to stay,
And love is sweet, tho' "love is blind!"

And you—you spoke first and you said,
You said—and O, your voice was sweet!
The words my poor heart shall repeat
Through all the years till I am dead!

You said: "My own, my love so true!"
Your voice so filled me with its bliss
I could not speak, but gave the kiss
That trembled on my lips for you.

The minutes just like seconds seemed,
 The hour a minute—nothing more;
 And am I banished from your door?
 Relentless fate! *I have but dreamed.*

UNDER THE ROSE.

Under her breath she breathes a name,
 Often she breathes it, and ever the same,
 The flash of hot blood doth fill her veins,
 Leaving the heart where the sweet name reigns.

Under the darkness and stillness of night
 Cometh the dreams like doves so white;
 Fly! O dove, before the light;
 Hasten away! from mortal sight.

The perfumed roses in rapturous bliss
 Uplift to her lips in passionate kiss—
 Not on their bloom—O no, not this,
 A kiss they don't ask for, or never would miss.

Down in the deepest cell of her heart,
 Lives a something that is a part
 Of her soul, her life—aye, do not start,
 No power of reason, of fear, or art

Can banish it hence, or tell, I know,
Why it is there, as pure as snow,
Yet branded like sin, as crouching low,
It hides from the cruel world's swift blow.

It is not hope, nor is it despair;
It is pure as an angel, as light as air,
It is born of God, and is wondrous fair,
But the blight of Eden hath fallen there.

This its sin. On forbidden ground
It was tempted to go, and there it found
A warm, true heart, where it was crowned;
But “Where art thou?” is the fearful sound.

And out of Eden it driven shall be,
To ashes will turn the fruit of the tree,
And a flaming sword be placed at the gate,
And love denied by decree of fate.

TO —

The sun has passed to the farther side—
For the years have gone when the wine was new,
When the purple grapes in the sunlight grew,
When mellowed and ripened by rhythmic rains,
Was the wine that warmly thrilled in my veins;

When the world was true, and the chalice new
That held the sweet wine distilled by love's dew;
Bring not the new wine to the vessels old,
The dizzy, mad love to the heart that's cold.

I have passed o'er the hill from the sunny side,
Where the shadows creep through the fruitless
vines,

Where the winds blow chill and the cold moon
shines;

I may not turn back where the sunlight gleams,
Where you stand my friend beneath its beams,
For you shall be found the young heart true;
For the sweet, new wine be the chalice new,
And glad of the joy and love that blend
In your passionate heart, my dear young friend,
Of friendship's garlands take fairest of these
From one who drank of life to the lees.

LOVE AND LIFE.

(*Love.*)

"O, Life, O, strength, my all is thine,
Come, clasp, O, clasp thy hand in mine;
O, life, thy yieldance brings delight,
Come,—come with me unto the height."

(Life.)

O, Love, thy words bring bliss divine,
With prophecy thy sweet eyes shine;
With thee—with thee I fain would go
Where skies expectant, radiant glow.

(Love.)

O, Life, to give is to receive,
And the lost Eden to retrieve;
I'll lead thee to the fairest bowers,
In land of fruit and rarest flowers.

(Life.)

I haste, I haste, O, Love, to thee,
My soul hath reached its destiny;
Together now we'll climb the height
Of earthly hope and pure delight.

FANTASY.

O, my cares they rose like mountains
And my troubles were severe,
And the frost had locked the fountains
Of my heart so cold and drear

When I said: "O, heart of sorrow
Which of grief no more can hold,
Thou wilt break when on the morrow
Burdens still shall life unfold."

Then my soul it answered clearly
With an earnest whisper low:
"To a land by thee loved dearly
We will swiftly, swiftly go.
There wilt care and sorrow leave thee;
In that land of golden light
Love is waiting to receive thee
Just beyond this world of night."

Then it cried: "O, Psyche, lead me,
I am starving—well you know."
Psyche answered: "If you heed me
To this land you will not go."
My soul said in trembling whisper
Whilst my life's blood warmly glowed
With wild passion: "Dearest sister,
In the joy to be bestowed

"Well, I know the dregs are bitter
In the cup of sparkling wine;
And the serpent's folds do glitter
Where true love and I recline;

I risk nought whilst truly knowing
That to stay is death to me,
Hasten, then, stay not my going,
For my love I fain would see.”

‘And she led me unresisting
Where the summer’s winds do blow,
Fleecy clouds the sunlight misting
And the singing streamlets flow;
But all this with little heeding
She had passed, for well she knew
That the answer to her pleading
Must be given, dear, by you.

‘And she found you, and she found you
’Neath the shadows of the trees,
Where the leafy screen around you
Shifted with the swaying breeze;
Light and shadow slowly weaving
Web that flashed beneath the sun—
So my soul to thy soul cleaving
Wove their fancies into one.

* * * * *

Were earth’s treasure to me given
Fame and honor still in store,
All I’d give, aye, hope of Heaven!
Could I be with you once more,

Not in dreams—to wake—to mar it—
 Standing by love's golden gate,
 We would close it, we would bar it;
 Love is stronger still than fate.

FRIENDS.

“We will be friends?” She answered “Yes,”
 Whilst turned her heart to stone;
 Yet thrilled again 'neath warm caress,—
 She wept when left alone.

“And what's a friend?” she musing said;
 Than this no word more common;
 “My friend is come,” “my friend is dead,”
 “My friend,” is man or woman.

“My friend,” when said in careless tone,
 Bears no warmth or confession;
 “My friend,” is oft, you needs must own
 Disliked beyond expression.

The friend that's always proven true,
 We're glad to see and greet him;
 The friend in need, with much ado
 We praise and long to meet him.

But then these words do oftentimes
Hide, deeper, holier feeling;
Ah! Can you not, between the lines,
Read words past friends revealing?

Aye, often "friends" are in disguise,
And fate always unkind,
Tears off their masks, and love's sad eyes
Beneath *one* mask doth find.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

Fair and beautiful it doth stand,
More precious to the sight than gold;
The branches droop to eager hand
Tempting almost beyond control.

O, eyes beaming with wistful light,
O, heart yearning for this sweet hour,
Touch not the tree your life to blight
It beareth fruit of deadly dower.

O, feet that seemeth loath to move,
Quick turn and go before too late;
Temptation fly, the chains of love
Are binding you in spite of fate.

O, love that like the Upas tree
To bloom its own swift death to bring;
Or like the swan its voice to free,
Its dying dirge, alas! doth sing.

ADRIFT.

Out of a summer of roseate skies,
The leaves are adrift, the leaves are adrift;
Borne by the streamlet that gurgles and sighs--
Piled in a brown and tangled rift,
This is the song the dead leaves sing:
 "Adrift, adrift,
 O, yearning shore,
 Adrift, adrift,
 To return no more."
This is the song the dead leaves sing.

Out of the summer of a vanished dream,
My hopes are adrift, my hopes are adrift;
Tossed on the waves of life's turbid stream,
Never again their wings to lift,
This is the song the dead hopes sing:
 "Adrift, adrift,
 O, yearning heart,
 Adrift, adrift,
 Forever we part."
This is the song the dead hopes sing.

His voice in whispered tone,
 His touch to me was bliss;
 His lips just swept mine own—
 His first and his last kiss.

His voice,
 His touch,
 His kiss,
 His first and his last kiss.

Dead! breathes the moon's pale light,
 Dead! moans the drooping spray,
 Dead! weeps the stars so bright,
 And gone forever away!
 Dead,
 Dead,
 DEAD!
 And gone forever away!

LOVE'S STAR.

"When I am dead," my lover said,
 "My soul shall be a star;
 And love will be the light that's shed,
 To guide thee from afar;
 Raise but thine eyes, in purest ray,
 My love will teach thy soul the way."

36 "In the Land of Fancy"

In darkest night, I see the light,
So cold, and dim and far;
Oh, cruel blight, when to thy sight
Thy lover is a star.
My heart is faint, the way is dim,
That leadeth up to God and him.

THE LETTER.

You see my written words, dear, O, let my
words be fire,
To breathe to you the secret that wastes itself
in sighs,
To say in loving whispers that to-night my
heart's desire
Is that I were these words, dear, to look
into your eyes.

To see you as you read this, if haughty
is your brow,
Or 'round your mouth doth linger a yearning
tender—true;
Or if in condemnation you glance upon
them now,
Be careful of these words, dear, may
faint away from view.

Or if some other missive you are reading
 and should dare
To put them back unread—soon forgotten
 and unseen,
'Tis best I'm not these words, dear, if so
 I do declare
With jealousy I'm positive these words
 would all turn green.

PART II.

RECITATIONS.

THE ELOCUTIONIST.

Before the entertainment an accident occurred
To delay the "entertainer" who begged for just a
word
To explain the situation ; his face was all aglow,
His language swift and natural as Niagara did
flow.
His train had been in peril—he told with bated
breath—
The Engineer's quick courage had saved them all
from death !
And every heart was thrilled, for the Professor's
art
Was hidden by emotion that welled up from his
heart.

40 "In the Land of Fancy"

But after the explanation—when he started to
"recite,"

His body struck an attitude, his voice it was a
fright!

Fair nature had endowed him with genius, grace
and heart,

But now all this was hidden by the Professor's
"art."

OUR HEROES.

We honor those whose valor made
Them heroes, we say ours;
"Our" living heroes and "our" dead
Whose graves we strew with flowers.

Our veterans come with martial tread,
Each May, ranks thinner grown;
Whilst in the "City of the Dead,"
Flags are more thickly sown.

Between two phantom armies cast,
This remnant of the blue,
How loyal they unto the past,
And each to each how true.

next page

The "last one" shall not shrink with fear,
But bravely close his eyes,
As muffled drums are drawing near,
His escort to the skies.

When through the mist he sees the host,
Then God be glorified!
He there shall find not one is lost
Who for his country died.

COME SING TO ME.

Unto the common things belong
Pathetic themes for tale and song;
The very name of "Soldier's Home,"
Is full of pathos. None need roam,
Nor may they fill a pauper's grave,
Who fought their land and flag to save.

This is our country's boast, and yet
O, country mine, can we forget
The glory won that will not fade?
The debt we owe, by us unpaid,
Our children's children, in their day,
Will hold in pledge, but *cannot pay*.

"In the Land of Fancy"

Nor yet is blame attached to thee!
Of what thou hast thou givest free;
Of food in plenty, raiment, too,
And comradeship that's warm and true.
All that the human heart doth miss,
Thou canst *not* give; the secret this

Of sore unrest, a veteran's dream
Of heaven, would not heaven seem,
If woman's voice in gentle word,
And laugh of child were never heard;
His loss, the child to climb his knees,
And woman's tender sympathies.

More bravely none had fought the foe,
More surely none had struck the blow
That saved our country's flag and fame,
Than Sherwood King, God bless the name!
My story proves the saying true,
That bravest hearts are tenderest, too.

As years passed by, misfortune came
To Sherwood King, now old and lame;
An inmate of a "Soldier's Home;"
And when his time to die had come:
"I ask but this one thing," said he;
"That—*she*—will come—and—sing—to me."

For he had heard in church one day,
The wondrous voice of Helen Gray;
And now in death's dark, trying hour,
He longed to test its soothing power;
The message sent, full soon she stood,
The fairest dream of womanhood,

Beside the dying soldier's bed;
"I come to sing for you," she said.
He saw the woman standing there,
With form and face as angel fair;
With lustrous eyes of azure blue,
Soul-lit and tender, sweet and true.

A scene for artist's pen or brush,
The sick ward's calm and deathlike hush;
The suffering forms on cots that lie,
Whose faces with the coverlets vie
In whiteness; and grouped here and there
Attendants gaze on scene so rare.

Like rippling wave or trepid wing,
That with earth's sorrows sob and cling,
The sweet voice faltered for a space;
Then heaven's glory filled the place;
With mystic fire and perfect art
She sang in language of the heart.

(Song "Soldier of the Legion Lay Dying at Algiers," etc.)

So sang the woman, from each bed
A patient sufferer raised his head,
With eager, hungry eyes to trace
The heaven-born beauty of that face;
The *dying* soldier's soul set free,
Doth rise on waves of ecstasy.

(Song "We Shall Meet, but We Shall Miss Him," etc.)

The liquid tones have died away,
Half dreaming there each veteran lay;
Then heaven to him seems very near,
And death is robbed *of all* its fear,
If through the valley cold and dim,
Sweet Helen Gray may sing for him.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Thousands fall in line to-day!
"Keep it sacred," patriots say,
"Bring the flags and bring the flowers
For these heroes brave of ours."

Onward march! Memorial Day,
Where the sleeping thousands lay;
Year by year and year by year
Silently they bivouac here.

Hush! The ranks grow on apace!
One by one they take their place!
Bravely cross the cold divide,
Lie down by their comrades' side.

When the last faint straggler falls,
Crape the flags in chartered halls;
Treasured souvenir, badge and star,
Sacred memory, G. A. R.

Still the sleeping army brave
Guards the land they fought to save;
In grand lessons they taught well
In the spirit of F. C. L.

Rest beneath the flag unfurled,
Grandest army of the world;
This thy trust, O, nation ours!
Strew the sacred dust with flowers.

OUR FLAG.

I care not by whom, or when, or where,
Was designed our glorious flag so fair,
'Twas patriot's heart by brave deeds fired,
A poet's soul by heaven inspired.
And be it night or be it morn,
Our flag, our flag was heaven-born!

Methinks he roamed at twilight hour,
When rainbow tinted, bathed with dew,
Bloomed many a fair and fragrant flower,
Whose perfume whispered, "Where may you
Find brighter hues in all the world
To bedeck the flag as yet unfurled?"

But mused he still, with head bowed low,
On many a soul-inspiring scene—
The lofty mountains capped with snow,
The silver lake, the river's sheen;
The golden mist of fair sunrise
In far famed Italy's azure skies.

Enraptured still, he sees beyond
The flash of bright and cooling wings,
Where palm tree lifts its stately frond
Above the lucid, sparkling springs;

Where gold and crimson fruit abound,
And flowers of every hue are found.

The setting sun, his cloak of gold
Doth cast upon the verge of night,
Where waves of purple, fold on fold
Reflect the glory of his flight.
Then steal soft rays of moon afar,
Enamored love's fair avatar.

Musing he said: "What colors true
May grandly represent this theme
Which fills my heart. Ah! Heaven's blue—
Nor mortals ken how high its gleam,
Nor sound its depths within the sea,
BLUE, for the flag of liberty!

Enraptured still his dreamy eyes
That roving sought but sought in vain
The earth's remotest boundaries,
Are upward turned to heaven again;
From fleecy clouds with silver wrought,
His soul hath inspiration caught.

Ay, *white* shall mingle with the blue,
White emblem is of purity;
White erst the shroud of brave and true
Who made freedom a surety;

White speaks the coming of the dawn,
White for the infant nation, born.

Then as his step he homeward turned,
And downward swooped the wings of night,
'Afar—afar a red light burned,
From distant home a welcome sight.
"Ah! Many a sailor lost would be
Save for the beacon light," said he.

'Tis hope's red star above the gloom;
And red hath stained the battlefield
Where traitors met a traitor's doom,
For freedom's sons will never yield.
Red, White and Blue, the colors be
That make the flag of liberty.

SACRIFICE OF THE FLOWERS.

The winter with snow had covered the earth,
Protecting the germs to which spring giveth birth;
Fair April, their nurse, with sunshine and rain
Hath nurtured and coaxed them to blossom again.
Her mission now finished, she gives them to May,
Who consecrates them to Memorial Day.
(Refrain.)

O, flowers, sweet semblance of life and decay,
What emblem more fitting Memorial Day;
From graves the green altar of our sacrifice
Like incense the perfume of blossoms arise.

They're coming—the veterans aged and gray,
They're coming—the children, patriots, they,
With hearts full of love, arms laden with flowers,
To place on the graves of these heroes of ours.
With praise and with song repeating the story
Of valorous deeds, of death and of glory.

(Refrain.)

The army divided grows less on this side;
One after another they cross the dark tide;
The last of the veterans soon will have found
The end of the march on the last camping-ground.
But lessons they taught and Memorial Day
Shall live while the blossoms return to the May.

(Refrain.)

THE LOYALTY OF WOMAN.

'Tis mete that for our warriors
We come, Memorial Day,
With flags unfurled while drumbeat
And bugle lead the way;

That o’er their last encampment,
Where never stirs a soul,
In memory of their valor
The boom of cannons roll.

But save in gentlest whisper
Come not in woman’s name;
Drumbeat and blare of bugle
Should not her deeds proclaim.
Yet, though her duty led her
Not in the battle’s heat,
Her zeal spurred men to conquest,
And cheered them in defeat.

There, when death’s angel hovered,
Her feet sped swift and sure;
Her touch brought balm and healing,
Her voice strength to endure.
Did woman’s heart e’er falter
In war of gray and blue?
To God, or flag, or country
Her heart e’er prove untrue?

For every wounded soldier,
Or hero who hath died,
Some woman, too, hath suffered—
In soul been crucified!

Ah! 'Tis the cry of woman,
Methinks—the sad refrain—
That gives to martial music
A subtle sense of pain.

The brightest deeds recorded
In God's own book above,
Are of man's dauntless courage
And woman's deathless love.
Their names may not be severed,
The veteran's deeds we own,
But woman's hands upheld him,
"The power behind the throne."

SOLDIERS THAT WEAR THE BLUE.

Soldiers that wear the blue.
Of firm and steadfast hue,
How beats your heart to-day?
What words have you to say?
Soldiers that wear the blue.

With form less lithe and gay,
With head bowed low and gray,
With listless, weary mien,
Aged ere your time, I ween,
Soldiers that wear the blue.

"In the Land of Fancy"

But, ah! I know full well
There is a magic spell
If wrought, lo! you would stand
An army proud and grand,
Soldiers that wear the blue.

Let menace dare be shown
Your flag—your country's own—
Transfigured you would rise,
A wall that death defies—
Soldiers that wear the blue.

How beats your heart to-day?
What words have you to say?
Of words you have not need,
Your lustre is the deed!
Soldiers that wear the blue;
Soldiers so tried and true.

AN UNREPENTANT REBEL.

I picked up the *National Tribune*, and these
lines chanced to see:

"If anybody reading this knows aught of George
H. Lee,
Who fought at Cedar Mountain, Seventeenth
Regiment, O. V. I.,

Please send the information to Leon J. Barniby,
San Cristobel Messina, State of New Mexico."

I read it over carefully, though the chap I didn't
know;

I couldn't help but wonder why on earth he
wanted me;

For I fought at Cedar Mountain—my name is
George H. Lee,

And that was my old regiment, the Seventeenth
O. V. I.

So I sat down and wrote to him and waited a
reply.

The answer came back quickly; I had almost
forgot

The circumstances, but it seems this here chap
had not.

The penmanship was scrawly; "God bless you,"
it began;

"Though the past I'm not forgittin', let us talk
as man to man.

Fur in spirit I'm not conquered, although the
fightin's done,

I stan' on the same groun' I stood in eighteen
sixty-one;

An' when it comes to principle, I say the South
was right;

An' jes as bad as ever I am dyin' fur a fight.

Yes, I fought the sneakin' Yankees, I shot 'em fur
to kill!

An' to say that I am conquered, you bet I never
will.

But the life they tried to take—the confounded
Yankee crew—

At the battle of Cedar Mountain wuz saved, ole
feller, by you!

Of course you must remember the chap that help-
less lay

So very, very near to death when you come by
that way,

An' stanchd my bleedin' wounds and give to me
a drink

From out your ole canteen, sir. How queer! An'
jes to think

You was doin' your best to kill me less than an
hour before,

Now doin' your best to save me, although you
cussed an' swore

I wasn't wuth a-savin' nor half the trouble you
took

A-carryin' an' draggin' till you got me to the
brook;

An' washin' off my face an' wounds, an' easin' up
my head,

An' all the time declarin' you wished every rebel
dead,

An' sayin' I wuz rather young to be in sich a war,
An' safe at home with mother I'd better be by far;
An' promisin' that after the battle wuz all done
You would come back an' fin' me, if some 'ole son
of a gun'

Didn't git a 'drop on you,' an' your canteen left
me,

On which I foun' these words inscribed: 'High
Private George H. Lee,

Of that grand old Buckeye Regiment, the Seven-
teenth O. V. I.'

Ah! Twice its weight in gold would not that
canteen buy!

My boys come by an' foun' me an' I got safely
hum,

But never could furgit you; an' if you ever come
Down this here way, oie feller, to the State of
New Mexico,

Why, then, jes sen' me word of it, fur I want you
to know

The best that's in this kentry is spilin' fur you
here,

An' a heart to make you welcome as any comrade
dear—

Though I do not like the Yankees, nor sorry ary
bit

That I fought fur seceshun. Tho' I've not lost
the grit

56 "In the Land of Fancy"

I had in the ole war time ; yet there keeps hauntin'
me
The name an' generous deeds of High Private
George H. Lee.
'An' if every Union soldier had a heart as big as
you
I think I could forgive 'em fur wearin' of the
blue ;
An' I'd pension 'em an' give 'em all the land they
fought to save,
An' let the Starry Banner undisturbed above 'em
wave ;
Fur if ever I furgit you may my carcass hang on
high.
From an unrepentant rebel, Leon J. Barniby."

THE VETERAN'S LESSON.

Life was a burden to Hiram McKee,
Adrift as he was, a wreck of the war ;
"Why could I not have died," said he ;
"Death were better for me by far."

People had called him cross and grim,
Who met him oft at O'Donnell's store—
A comrade who kept a place for him
To sit and fight his battles o'er.

Shuffling in with his crutch and cane,
 He limply sank in his chair one day ;
 His face was pale and drawn with pain,
 His eyes were restless and keen and gray.

Suddenly sitting alert and straight,
 He said to O'Donnell—he called him "Bill"—
 "This is the month and the very date
 We fought the battle of Perryville.

"There I was wounded and brother Ned
 Was killed, you know ; a pretty hot place ;"
 "Oh, give us a rest," a young man said,
 And sneered in the veteran's face.

Into the eyes of the veteran came
 A sudden flash of indignant fire ;
 "And this to me? You cur! for shame!
 Base son of an ignoble sire!"

Rising full length with angry clutch
 At his cane—one leg was gone—
 And reaching out, as he leaned on his crutch,
 The arm with no hand on !

"Vile wretch!" he cried ; "low underling!
 I dare thee now to look on me
 And once again thy insults fling
 At him who fought and bled for thee!

"Hie ye away to regions where
No foot hath pressed a blood-bought sod;
Thou hast no right to freedom's air,
Nor mercy of a righteous God!

"Thousands for thee have bled and died,
Or live like me—a fate far worse——"
"Oh, pardon me," the young man cried,
"And give me not, I pray, your curse!

"Thoughtless I spoke, I see it now,
Nor will forget it while I live!"
A blush of shame o'erspread his brow
As Hiram said: "If I forgive,

"Will you the soldier's cause defend?"
This answer was returned:
"Henceforth I am the veteran's friend,
Your lesson I have learned."

MEMORIAL DAY THOUGHTS.

Think of it! Think of it! Think how they died!
Dead in their manhood, their vigor, their pride;
Strength for the marches and strength for the
fray,
Mortally wounded, their strength ebbed away.

Shattered and dying, they lay on the plain—
Thirst, with its cravings, to madden the pain.
Think of it! think of it! think how they died!
Dead in their manhood, their vigor, their pride.

Think of it! think of it! day after day,
Slowly and surely their lives ebbed away;
Sick unto death in the hospital's gloom,
Drifting in dreams to a white-curtained room;
Drifting away from the pain and the strife,
Under their roof tree with mother—or wife;
Like transient visions, as light of the day
Wanes in the darkness, their souls passed away.

Think of it! think of it! shuddering when
Fancy doth lead to the foul prison pen.
God! O my country! if could be erased
Memory's pictures by horror defaced;
Eyes of our loved ones, by hunger made wild,
Gaunt forms of father, of husband or child,
Coming at night from the caves of the dead,
Begging for water, for air and for bread!

Think of it! think of it! widows whose years
Led through the valley of anguish and tears;
Children who, fatherless, never may know
Counsel and care which kind fathers bestow.

Life and its pleasures for death and the grave!
Giving it freely, his country to save.
Think of it! think of it! Christlike to give
All, that his people might prosper and live.

Think of it! think of it! coming to-day
Laden with sweet-scented blossoms of May.
Tenderly place them where grasses have grown,
Over their faces, and o'er the "unknown."
Bend in deep reverence over each grave,
Kissed by God's sunshine or hid by his wave.
We loyally love them, and claim them as "ours,"
With thoughts of remembrance as sweet as the
flowers.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

Cover with flowers the wound of the dart,
Fill it with flowers, the void in the heart;
Tenderest thoughts are unfolding to-day,
Sweet as the blossoms a-bloom in the May.

Think not of suffering, bloodshed and strife,
Think not of loss that hath come to thy life,
Think of the peace with suffering done,
Think of the glories their sacrifice won.

THE UNCONQUERED FLAG.

(Tune, "Home, Sweet Home.")

What say the flowers, as languishing upon the
 graves they lie?

They whisper, "Patriots, guard the flag, for this
 did heroes die;

Their lives they gave, and willingly, to set their
 country free;

So guard it, the unconquered flag, which they be-
 queathed to thee.

 They bequeathed to thee.

So guard it, the unconquered flag, which they be-
 queathed to thee."

What say the flags that mark the graves where
 martyred heroes sleep?

They whisper, "I a secret hold to make the angels
 weep;

I love the grave that holds the dust of him who
 died for me.

So guard it, the unconquered flag, which they be-
 queathed to thee;

 They bequeathed to thee.

So guard it, the unconquered flag, which they be-
 queathed to thee."

FAREWELL, OLD FLAG.

(The brave boys of the 120th O. V. I., being consolidated with the 114th O. V. I.—being reduced below the minimum—shed bitter tears upon being told that they must part with their regimental flag.)

Our flag must go? Another's wave
Above our heads, old comrades, hear!
I wonder not, my true, my brave,
To see you shed the scalding tear.
So few are left? Yes, they fell
In weary march by shot and shell;
Some, dying, whispered: "Boys, farewell,
Protect that flag!"

It was the first on Hideman's crest—
Our own brave Wallace placed it there;
The shot fell thick about his breast
And grazed his sunny, flowing hair.
We followed him! Conquer we must!
Conquer we did; our cause was just,
And many a traitor bit the dust
Beneath that flag!

On Chicksaw Bluffs our flag was found,
Black River, Vicksburg, Champion Hill,
Grand Gulf, Fort Blakely's bloody ground,
We cheered to see it floating still;
At Jackson and Arkansas Post,
Port Gibson, it was still our boast—
At Horseshoe Bend lay dead the most
Beneath that flag!

“So few of us are left!” say you,
And we must take another's name;
Then to our flag, our colors true,
Boys, up! and rally once again!
We kiss the folds our tears doth stain
And from the hands of comrades slain
We send thee safely home again,
Our tattered flag!

And when in our proud Capitol hung,
Safe from a desecrating hand,
Thou'lt tell how dearly peace was brung
To this, our own beloved land.
Proud that thy folds doth bear our name,
To every land on earth proclaim,
Touch not, nor hope to bring to shame
America's flag!

SONG. LAVENA.

(Tune, “Lorena.”)

And can I e'er forget, Lavena,
The happy days so long ago?
The first time that we met, Lavena,
The apple blossoms were in blow;
The glance vouchsafed from eyes so blue,
Enchanting were, as Summer's skies;
My heart beat fast, and well I knew
I'd found the love that never dies.

(Refrain)

My heart beat fast, and well I knew
I'd found the love that never dies.

One year had passed again, Lavena,
We stood beneath the apple bloom,
Your heart was filled with pain, Lavena,
In brooding o'er a soldier's doom;
For war had come and I must go,
And you, so tender and so brave,
Had whispered while your tears did flow:
“We must our flag and country save.”

(Refrain)

Had whispered while your tears did flow:
“We must our flag and country save.”

Perhaps the sacrifice, Lavena,
 Was more to you than 'twas to me;
 Despair was in your eyes, Lavena,
 Such is the price of liberty!
 "Farewell," I said, "within my heart
 Your lovely image is enshrined,
 And though we may be far apart
 The chords of love our hearts shall bind.

(Refrain)

And though we may be far apart
 The chords of love our hearts shall bind."

Four years had passed, and O Lavena,
 As joy unmeasured is by years,
 E'en so the "cup of woe," Lavena,
 Can measure not the flow of tears.
 But blood-bought victory at last
 Had perched upon our banner fair;
 From prison pen that held me fast
 I stepped into God's own free air.

(Refrain)

From prison pen that held me fast
 I stepped into God's own free air.

My first thought was of you, Lavena,
 For months from you I had not heard,
 And yet your heart was true, Lavena,
 I to myself fondly averred.

"In the Land of Fancy"

Alas! that I should live to know
My sacrifice had been so great;
Had war but dealt its deadliest blow
It would have been a happier fate.

(Refrain)

Had war but dealt its deadliest blow
It would have been a happier fate.

The sun had lowly set, Lavena,
I stood beneath the apple bloom;
'Twas here that first we met, Lavena,
And now I stood beside thy tomb!
As snow-white blossoms from the tree
Fell softly fluttering on thy grave
Thy whispered words came back to me:
"We must our flag and country save."

(Refrain)

Thy whispered words came back to me:
"We must our flag and country save."

FAIR OHIO'S WATERS.

Oh, the days that sped so fast,
Days that were too sweet to last,
When my happiest hours were passed
Weaving garlands which I cast
On fair Ohio's waters.

Dearest river, in youth's time,
 Joy of loved hearts and of mine,
 Not in any other clime
 Waves so bright and blue as thine,
 Oh, fair Ohio's waters.

Gleaming in the morning light,
 Flashing in the noontide bright,
 Shimmering 'neath the moon at night,
 Ever gladsome to my sight,
 Oh, fair Ohio's waters.

Emerald shore and purple hill,
 Where the grape with wine doth fill,
 Where happy birds their songs do trill
 And fragrance doth the air distill
 By fair Ohio's waters.

O'er the moonlit sparkling sheen
 Flashed our boat as in a dream,
 And as clouds came in between
 Silver moon and silver gleam
 Of fair Ohio's waters.

So the war cloud gathering bore
 O'er our land and to thy shore

“In the Land of Fancy”

That wild cry for more and more—
Then my lover dropped his oar
By fair Ohio's waters.

Brave he looked, so stern and tall;
“I go!” said he, “my country's call
Shall answered be;” my tears did fall
And darkness spread like funeral pall
O'er fair Ohio's waters.

Farewells echoed by that shore
Meant farewell for evermore;
Home he came, flags drooping o'er
His dead form, which steamer bore
O'er fair Ohio's waters.

Far, O far from thee I roam,
Yet when heart is sad and lone
Back it turns toward its own,
Seeking for its childhood's home
By fair Ohio's waters.

This shall be my last request,
When shall end life's loneliness,
Be the grave where I shall rest
On the vine-clad, purple crest
By fair Ohio's waters.

A RETROSPECT.

(Respectfully dedicated to the Grand Army of the Republic, August 29, 1888, and read on the occasion of the dedication of the Wisconsin Veterans' Home.)

Hand me the glass! Field glass of time;
I look athwart the years so gray;
No fairer scene in farther clime
E'er 'neath the sight of mortal lay.

The purple hills and shadowy vales,
The mountains high, the waters deep,
The city's spires, nor eyesight fails
To note the rolling prairie's sweep.

But flowing from the village white
A stream of blue doth flashing run;
Bewildering brain it meets the sight,
Till memory whispers "'61."

Ah! Sixty-one! What visions rise!
Sad memories, how they crowd the day!
In stream of blue we recognize
Our brave men rushing to the fray.

! O bygone years, what do you hold
Of hope, despair of ill and good;
Of broken hearts and pain untold—
Of fatherless and widowhood?

God sees the sparrow that doth fall;
God's angels watch with mournful eyes
Those who go forth at freedom's call
And give their lives in sacrifice.

O Southern plains, your rippling rills
Bore to Kanawha's waters deep
Blood of our best; O Southern hills
Give back the treasure that you keep!

Forgive the thought! For where they sleep,
There, too, was poured proud Southern blood!
E'en as they sowed, so did they reap
The whirlwind of avenging God.

Now where the Blue and where the Gray
Lie side by side and strife doth cease,
We welcome forth a new-born day
Where Stars and Stripes may wave in peace.

'All hail, New South! and ever now
Together we must rise or fall;
One land, one flag, alone we bow
To that one God who rules o'er all.

We drop the glass dimmed with our tears,
 And who are these from near and far,
 With heads of gray bowed with the years,
 Who wear the badge of G. A. R.?

When traitors dared our laws defy
 And dared their country's flag to scorn
 They ever found it borne on high
 By Freedom's sons to freedom born.

These are the soldiers who have fought
 And marched and bivouacked side by side;
 These the friends that, bending, caught
 Last words of comrades as they died.

Ah! What may be their thoughts, I ween,
 What phantom shadows 'fore them flit;
 What see the eyes that flame hath seen
 Of solid wall and rifle pit?

God bless our "boys," no longer young,
 Who soon or late must surely fall;
 The dirge for each sadly be sung
 When they respond to that last call.

But far beyond the setting sun,
 Beyond this life, for them we see
 A recompense for triumphs won—
 A golden crown of victory!

CHANCELLORSVILLE, 1863.

It was twilight hour on the second of May;
The flowers looked up from the sod,
And the nesting birds in the hush of the day
Had warbled their songs to their God.
And the sun had set on valley and hill
The red seal of doom at Chancellorsville.

Oh, why, oh, why, on this fair Summer's day,
In this flower-laden, beautiful spot,
Should men crouch low like beasts of prey
And their hearts cry out: “Spare not!”
As upward they sprang, “Stonewall” at their head,
To smite the living and trample the dead?

Wild were the cries at the first attack;
Our line it wavered and then it broke;
And the dead were strewn o'er the fire burnt track,
As trees are felled by the lightning's stroke.
E'en the gunners had joined in the hopeless run,
Till checked by the voice of Pleasanton.

“Stand by your guns!” is the stern command;
The army is turned in its backward flight;
But alas, too late! The destroying band,
Like a dread simoon, doth rise in sight.

“My God! Will they get their guns in place
With this storm of death hurled in their face?”

Brave Keenan was there like a statue of stone;
Like statues his cavalrymen stood there;
With flash of the eye and heart-beat as one
They watched their leader, nor swerved a hair.
“Will you and your troopers this onset dare
break?”
“Aye, sir,” said Keenan, “for our country’s sake.”

Swift was his glance at the guns on the hill,
Keen as an eagle’s it fell on his men,
Curled his stern lip as he answered, “We will!”
“God help!” said the General, turning, and then
He heard the quick order that rang loud and clear,
“CHARGE CAVALRY!” answered by many a
cheer.

Never a man of them shrank, though they knew
They made their last charge on that fast-fading
day;
Proud were their faces, though deathly in hue
As bleeding they sank on the blossoms of May.
Close by their leader, who fought side by side,
There, with their leader, they fell and they died.

The rebels were checked in their march to the hill,
The army was saved, though the guns were yet
mute.

Saved by those heroes who lay cold and still,
When the guns rolled above them a sad death-
salute.

None more do we honor, whose names shall live
still,

Than those martyred heroes of Chancellorsville.

SOLDIER'S MOTHER'S LAMENT.

He is gone, he is gone!

O joy of my heart;
How bright seemed his future for which he did
yearn;

He is gone, he is gone—

I saw him depart;
But, O, aching heart, will you see him return?

There is news, there is news!

O, heart, wildly beating,
My boy must be safe, or how could he write?
But a word, but a word:

“The foe is retreating;
I hasten away to pursue and to fight!”

Did you speak, did you speak?
A message, you say;
No need to repeat the result of the fight;
He is dead! he is dead!
O, my country, to-day
I lay on thy altar my hope and my life!

OUR NOBLE DEAD.

Ah! Not with martial step he comes,
Nor blare of fife or roll of drums;
But like the wraith of that proud form
That won its fame in battle storm,
He lieth down his wearied head,
To bivouac with the noble dead!

MAD MARGUERITE; OR, "ZIB," THE
MOUNTAIN GUIDE.

"The world's a stage" is often said, the truth of
which none will gainsay,
The hero and the villain each assume the rôle
which they portray.

Tear off their masks, 'neath villain's garb a hero
grand you may desery;
The hero stripped of his disguise, a villain of the
deepest dye.

In real life oft the vilest heart 'neath broidered
cloak may hidden be,
While many a gem of rarest worth is wrapped in
rags of poverty.

And who am I? The landlord ask of yon hotel
where tourist's bide,
And he will say: “O, that is Zib, in him you'll
find a clever guide.”

Is it not queer, ah! passing strange, that I could
play my part so well
That none I served have ever dreamed that I was
once a reigning belle?

In fashion's world; ha! ha! last week Sir Gresham
paid to me the fee
To pilot him o'er dizzy heights; had he but known
that I—was *she*!

“Here, Zib,” he'd say, “don't go so fast.” “You
rascal, hurry up!” he'd cry
Who once on bended knees had sworn that he for
me would gladly die.



"Sadie" Sherman as "Mad Marguerite."

And so it goes. But ah! To-day a party came,
 and fate or not,
 There was with them my dear old friend and
 schoolmate, gentle Gene Scott.

And all went well till coming back she stumbled,
 and to stay her feet,
 I turned and met her face to face; she murmured,
 "Ah! 'Tis Marguerite!"

And then when safely at the base, in whispers low
 she said to me:
 "Remain here on this very spot, and I will soon
 return to thee."

* * * * *

She comes! I'm here, my lady; of course I'm
 glad you've come;
 In those bright, happy school days, you were my
 dearest chum!

But then the school days ended; our lives led far
 apart;
 Your spirit was so gentle; but mine was *passion's*
 heart!

You know my father died abroad—I had no friend
 beside
 To give me guidance; none, in fact, since my dear
 mother died.

78 "In the Land of Fancy"

You say, in spite of all that's told, you still love
Marguerite?

From lips unused to lying, those words sound
strangely sweet;

Oh, say it again, my darling, again those words
repeat—

I stand on the brink of the sinless past when you
call me "Marguerite."

There! You have seen my weakness; my will has
lost its power;

I needs must hide my feeling, as thorn doth guard
the flower.

But ere your gentle presence doth vanish from my
sight,

I pray you hear my story, that you may judge
aright.

* * * * * *

They told you I was an actress, that my beauty
was a snare

That lured men to their ruin, on the brink of black
despair.

That this was what I lived for—to see, to conquer,
and then

To seek *new* worlds to conquer; that my "worlds"
were the *hearts of men!*

Of all you've heard, there's much that's true, so
naught will I deny;
I'd sworn a war on hearts of men—and now I'll
tell you why.

Ere this I had loved Paul De Vere; he pledged his
love for mine.

Ah! Woman with your white, lusk face, you
know not love like mine!

My love is fire! As wide as world, as deep as is
the sea;

A love that must not be denied; and he—proved
false to me!

In search of health, an English lord had brought
his daughter here,

And she, my lord's fair daughter, won the heart
of Paul De Vere.

She, with her wealth of cornsilk hair, pale gold,
and the pink and white

Of her baby face; her sea-blue eyes, with ever-
changing light—

She won him; and, on bended knees, I went to her
and said:

“My lady, Paul is trothed to me; this Fall we
had been wed,

80 "In the Land of Fancy"

Save for your coming ; lady, fair, O give him back
to me !

Oh, pity, pity my despair, and Heaven will prosper
thee."

She tapped her fan impatiently, a dark frown on
her brow.

"For shame," she said, "you silly girl ; as he for-
gets his vow

"And loves you not, you should be glad that you
from him are free.

So summon up your pride, my girl, for Paul is
pledged to me."

Her heartless words did craze me so, with deadly
hate I cried :

"My curse is on you from the day that you become
his bride !"

He followed her across the sea, and they were wed
that year.

I tried to drown my sorrow. Then began my mad
career.

And through it all I thirsted for revenge, for I
had sworn

That Paul De Vere should suffer all that I for
him had borne.

“The mill of the gods grind slow,” and time crept
on apace;
By chance I learned that Paul De Vere was stay-
ing at this place.

Seclusion and the mountain air he sought for his
weak bride,
And so I, donning this disguise, came here, a
mountain guide.

A summer spent here long ago, I'd learned each
path, and now
That knowledge should my servant be till I re-
deemed my vow.

And so I saw them once again—she frail and yet
more fair,
And he so watchful, worshiping like devotee in
prayer

Before his shrine; and every look he gave her fired
my breast
With deadlier hate, and very soon my soul was
put to test.

My lady hoped, in secret, to climb the mountain's
side,
To prove a woman's courage, and I must be her
guide.

82 "In the Land of Fancy"

We'd gone but half the distance when a storm
 swept o'er the sky;
I told her I had lost my way, and left her there—
 to die!

This way and that I led her, in feigned dismay
 and fear;
Though loud she called in terror, I knew that none
 could hear.

"Oh, Paul, my husband, hear me! Is this the
 path, guide, say?
Oh, will you lead me safely? My God! you've
 lost the way!"

I heard her poor heart beating through quivering
 of her breath;
I feigned to fall, hid in a cave and left her there—
 with death!

"Ha! ha! My scornful lady, loved wife of Paul
 De Vere!"
I laughed as, through the tempest, I heard her
 shriek with fear,

"My guide! He's killed! Oh, Heaven; dear
 Paul! Is no one nigh?
Help! help! Oh, save, my husband! Will you
 leave me here to die?"

Ye gods of the storm of passion, I felt thy unrivalled power,
And nature, envious with hate, vouchsafed to thee this hour.

But revenge was followed by remorse, and swift I sought her side;
The rain beat in her pallid face, and soon she must have died.

I dragged her to the hidden cave, my cloak around her form;
And soon her heart against my own was beating fast and warm.

Through all the night I sheltered her, and calmed each rising fear.
At break of day we heard a voice—the voice of Paul De Vere.

In tones so anguish stricken, from heart so filled with fear:
“My darling, O my darling, that you should perish here!

“Speak! Speak, oh, lips so gentle, e’er responsive to mine own;
Forgive me, pitying Heaven, that she should die alone.”

84 "In the Land of Fancy "

So crazed was he, he would not heed, or by his
 friends be led.

My lady hears: "Poor Paul," said she. "He
 thinks that I am dead!"

I held her back. "You must not go." "Not an-
 swer him?" cried she.

"Not till I bid you." She grew pale, and, trem-
 bling, looked at me.

"Move not from here till I return; pray trust me,
 lady fair."

She sweetly answered, "Sir, I will." And so I
 left her there.

I hastened to the frenzied man; he cast on me a
 frown;

"Where is my wife?" he cursing cried, and would
 have struck me down.

With bared head, I shook down my curls and
 looked him in the eyes;

"Do you remember Marguerite?" He staggered
 with surprise.

"I see," said he; "revenge is yours, nor mercy
 would I crave,

Save for my bride." I smiled in scorn, and led
 him to the cave.

From silence of the dismal place there came no
word nor sign,
So well my lady trusted me. I said: "VENGE-
ANCE IS MINE!

"I WILL REPAY; SO SAYETH THE LORD."
I leave you, Paul De Vere,
And I forgive you for her sake; farewell! Now
enter—here."

I saw him pass, and heard the cry of joy, the fond
caress,
Then crept away, that none might see my tears,
my loneliness.

Through gifts they tried to make amends; for in-
terview they prayed;
All I refused with this one line: "Be happy, I
am paid."

But later on exposure told upon her weak, frail
life,
And Paul De Vere soon stood beside the deathbed
of his wife.

She begged to see me, and I went and stood close by
her side;
She knew me now. "Am I forgiven? My poor,
wronged girl," she cried.

“Yes, yes, my lady, long ago.” I knelt beside the
bed,
And kissed her hand. She faintly smiled. “I
die content,” she said.

But Paul De Vere said not a word; I turned and
left the room.
I never saw his face again; the Lord had spoke
his doom.

Old friends call me “Mad Marguerite,” and cast
on me a pitying glance;
And wonder at this last strange freak, that ends
this sad romance.

The *new* friends—whom I like the best—speak of
me with honest pride,
And say: “A trusty fellow is brave Zib, the
mountain guide.”

Thus life moves in the old grooves; I like the place,
and here I stay,
And will perhaps till death steps in and shifts
the scenes and ends the play.

My lady’s body had been borne across the sea by
Paul De Vere;
Who from that day, so I am told, hath never
smiled or shed a tear.

Grim, stony grief that clouds the soul and palsies
heart and brain;
Nor feels the frenzied pleasure which hate doth
lend to pain.

For love's sake living only in memory of the past;
His hair turned white as mountain's snows, his
life is ebbing fast.

And so life's drama nears the end. Ring down
the curtain! And my part
Have I not acted well, my friends, as tragedy's
queen in "Heart for Heart"?

Think not the last act, I pray, but of my first—my
girlhood sweet;
And if you need a guide to-day, call on thy old
friend Marguerite.

MOTHER METHUSELUM.

Mother Methuselum needles a-click,
Tongue like a clock that never runs down;
Mother Methuselum never was sick,
Never had journeyed a day from the town.

“Medicine’s poison,” she said, and, said she,
“No doctor shall boast of the killing of me.”

Mother Methuselum knitted away,
Her tongue and her needles a clickety-clack;
“Lawyers are fools,” she was wont to say,
And never a doctor but was a “quack.”
Her neighbors she scored, and said, “I vow
It’s a terrible world we live in *now*.”

Mother Methuselum knits no more;
One day she was taken severely ill;
The doctor summoned, arrived at her door,
With quantum suficit to cure or kill.
But when he got there, the doctor said,
The woman was *still*, and certainly *dead*.

Mother Methuselum’s in her grave;
Deserted the cottage upon the hill;
As people pass by they say “God save!”
While to their marrow-bones creeps a chill.
’Tis said if you place at the door your ear,
The click of her tongue and her needles you’ll
hear.

WHAT I ENVY.

I envy not the glory
 Of which the poet sings;
 I covet not the comfort
 That gold and silver brings.

I envy not the beauty,
 Nor queen upon her throne;
 Tho' any of this treasure
 I would be glad to own.

But just a little distance
 From where is my abode,
 I have a lovely neighbor—
 It's just across the road.

And often I run over
 To visit for a while;
 I like to hear her chatter,
 I love to see her smile.

If stormy is the weather,
 I'm very apt to say:
 "O, is it not depressing?
 This awful, gloomy day!"

"In the Land of Fancy"

"For me?" she answers sweetly;

"I do not mind the gloom;

Besides it's always pleasant

Within my cozy room.

"The contrast makes it brighter,

On such a day as this;

But then I'm ever busy,

And sunshine do not miss."

Let come what will, it never

May change my neighbor's tune;

She's cheerful in December,

She's happy in the June.

For me when storms are brooding,

And clouds the sky o'ercast,

My heart of its own choosing,

Will rise and face the blast!

The muttering thunders answer

Forebodings of my soul;

Which listens for the cloud-burst

Which o'er my head doth roll.

The lightning rends the curtain

Where futurity's concealed;

Then to my startled vision

Its secrets are revealed.

And when my strength is ebbing,
 And eyes can weep no more,
 The sunlight brightly streaming
 Where all was gloom before—

E'en then I sit and wonder
 If the storms will come again;
 The rainbow of my promise
 Doth soon begin to wane.

My hopes are like the story
 Of the golden eagles fair;
 In vain is all endeavor,
 I'll never reach them there.

And this is what I envy,
 And covet every day—
 Contentment of my neighbor
 Who lives across the way.

TRUE HEROISM.

The summer's birds have flown at last
 To seek a home in the far south-land;
 And not too soon. A cold, rough blast
 Comes sweeping down with ruthless hand.
 It scatters the leaves, the trees stand bare,
 Each woodland animal seeks its lair.

The cows come shivering up the lane
And cross the meadows dry and brown,
The pheasant drums a low refrain
Like muttering of a coming storm;
The black crow sits rigid and gaunt,
Grim harbinger of care and want.

The father hews the winter's log
As slowly sinks the setting sun,
His weary wife with hurried jog
Toils on at the work that's "never done."
While the supper waits she winds the yarn;
There's mittens to knit and socks to darn.

Her sad face lights with a tender smile
As each little "tot" is tucked to rest;
O, what has the world of pain and toil
For these, and the child upon her breast;
The good wife secretly wipes a tear,
Then turns to her husband with words of cheer.

O, men of science, heroes of wars,
O, statesmen proud or orators grand,
Your deeds sink low compared with her's
Who faithfully by hearthstone stands;
Who in sacrifice doth daily give
Her life to others that they may live.

WHEN WE FIND MORE TIME.

There's a future before us where every one
May complete the tasks that are left undone;
And strengthen the projects that now seem vain,
And grander achievements may surely attain,
 When we find more time.

The brain is a field that is fertile and fair,
And many good schemes are blossoming there
That are bound to mature and prove a delight,
And everything planned will come out all right,
 When we find more time.

The letters unanswered, the books still unread,
The calls on the sick, the graves of the dead
So long now neglected, the debts yet unpaid,
And hundreds of things are only delayed
 Till we find more time.

The field full of weeds where the thistles now blow,
The garden unyielding for lack of the hoe,
You soon may behold the fields full of grain,
And flowers in the garden may blossom again,
 When we find more time.

We know just exactly how we might build
An elegant home, how the ground should be tilled;
We know very well how a fortune to make,
But none of these things we dare undertake
Till we find more time.

Yes, riches we'll have and of earth all the best;
And hours for pleasure and days of sweet rest;
So saying we plod and we strive and we slave,
And never alas, till we rest in the grave
Do we find more time.

HOUSE FOR RENT.

Aye, 'tis for rent, at least they say
My agent's advertised it so;
I only care to get away
From 'neath its roof, for well I know
A fearful curse, an awful doom
Rests on each stairway, hall and room.

The house is haunted? Well, no, ma'am,
I did not mean that any ghost
Makes visit here; that's all a sham!
The dead vex none; they trouble most
Who living, yet are dead to one
Because of some great wrong 'twas done.

Two years ago we two came here—
And can it only be so long—
I was much older, cross, severe,
She like a flower, a bird, a song;
I thought my way alone would do,
And she, tho' sweet, was willful, too.

With servants living long alone,
My wish was law, none to gainsay;
And when her wish must rule my own,
Some whim to follow every day—
I chided her; that was the end!
My heart could break, it would not bend.

I know not why I tell it you,
A stranger, madam, but alas!
My mind is shattered—if you knew
What I have suffered—let it pass!
Beg pardon, ma'am, and must you go?
There's something else you want to know?

Do I regret she went away?
Regret it, madam? Are you sane?
Regret that night o'ertook my day?
A night I know may never wane?
You're sobbing, ma'am? Upon my life!
Take off that veil; Lenore! *My wife!*

How did you dare, my life, my own;
“To beard the lion in his den?”
To see how sad, how old he’d grown,
And think that you’d escape him then?
A house to rent, and a heart, too,
If only the tenant may be—*you*.

THE POET’S SONG.

“Sing me a song,” the old man said
To the poet who stood within his door;
“Something by fire of your genius fed,
Something we never have heard before;
Something that’s startling, and grand, and true,
But whatever it is it must be *new*.”

“Aye,” said the poet, “I’ll do my best”;
He struck a note both wild and strange;
Never before was thought expressed
In words that took so wide a range;
Of marvelous things in a land that was new
Which eyes prophetic alone might view.

He sang and sang of the far off shore,
Until the old man said: “You waste your breath;
Yet of its people I would know more—
Tell of their lives, their loves, their death.”

"Nay," said the poet, "that would not do;
Those themes are too old for a song that's new."

"Then sing no more," said he, "for I see
Tho' new it is not a suitable theme
For a poet's song, and never to me
Will the old again monotonous seem.
Sing me the songs that are *ever* new,
Of life and death and a love that's true."

THE TRAPPER'S LAMENT.

Times have changed I will declar,
Buffalo's sceerce, and deer and b'ar,
In this kentry anywhar.

Years ago in ole Kintuck,
Any day with a little pluck
You could kill a nice, fine buck.

Turkeys wild were plenty, too,
All on airth ye had to do,
Call 'em and they'd answer you.

Settlers come and soon the deer
From the woods did disappear,
And the turkeys fled with fear.

Then a spirit of onrest
Seized on me an' I thort best
Fur to move my traps out West.

Soon I got thar safe and sound,
Bless me, but I thort I'd found
Injun's happy hunting-ground.

Gun or trap, sir, just the same,
No time lost in hunting game—
Luck fur me who ar' quite lame.

Matters not who's driv to bay,
Nation's stride we cannot stay,
“Star of Empire” takes its way.

Settlers soon would spile my fun,
Then I'd shoulder up my gun,
March t'wards the settin' sun.

Allers left when settlers came,
Ten times over just the same,
Further west I followed game.

Not another step move I—
Couldn't unless I could fly,
“Further West” means “swim or die.”

Ole Pacific's waves du beat
At this poor ole trapper's feet;
Yonder waves and skies du meet.

"Yonder" must be huntin' ground,
If I got thar I'll be bound,
Settler'd soon be sneakin' round.

HIS HERITAGE.

A bright, brave, helpful boy—always a man;
E'en when a babe upon his mother's knees
His face showed thought; his clear eyes seemed to
scan

Back to its dawn earth's hidden mysteries.
As if by that fair garden he had stood,
(To mankind lost, by sin, and desolate)
And measured in his mind the ill and good
Barred by the flaming sword above the gate,
And said with soul that thrilled with hope and joy,
Who felt the strength of limbs sound and blue-
veined—

"I would not crave the sweets that cling and cloy,
To me an Eden lost is better than one gained."

100 "In the Land of Fancy"

This is the man the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over land and sea ;
Clothed in his manhood, yet naked as the slave
Who cringing bends his back to poverty ;
Nor gold hath he, nor heritage save that God-
given—

The spark divine that kindles in the soul,
The aspirations pure and high as heaven ;
The mind to grasp, the will power to control.
He sees the world rimmed by the vault of blue,
And says: "'Tis here life's battle must be
fought."

He nerves himself to live, to dare and do—
Through him the Century's glories must be
wrought.

The mountain's fastness yieldeth up its gold ;
The sea its jewels bring at his command ;
New worlds their varied beauties now unfold
To him, joint heir of sky and sea and land.
Each obstacle doth prove a lifting power ;
Each trial to his soul refining fire
As step by step he climbs, each golden hour
Doth bring him nearer to his heart's desire.
And Life lifts high the chalice dripping sweet,
And Love comes shyly nestling to his breast ;
While Fame piles high the garlands at his feet,
The world of men rise up to call him blessed.

PART III.

CHILDREN'S RECITATIONS.

A LITTLE GIRL'S WISH.

[Written for Encampment No. 90, U. V. L., and recited by Miss Sadie Sherman at the 27th National Encampment, G. A. R., at Indianapolis, on Wednesday night in Tomelsons Hall, to over 7,000 soldiers. Ex-President Harrison presided and presented her to the audience. Governor McKinley was the speaker of the evening.]

I wish I could be a soldier,
But then I never can,
I wish that I had been a boy,
And then I'd be a man,
And soon I'd be a soldier,
Without a thought of fear.
And first I'd be a captain
And then a Brigadier;

! And I'd march—march—march,
With stately, martial tread,
A big hat like a smokestack
A-setting on my head.

(Marches to martial music coming to a “face about” in military style.)

Or perhaps I'd be a bugler,
I'd sound the “reveille,”
And every sleeping soldier
Would rise to honor me,
All dressed up in my uniform,
With buttons shining bright
I'd stand up in the early dawn,
And blow with all my might,
I'd blow—blow—blow—
So thrillingly and sweet
Till all the hills around the camp
The echo would repeat.

(Imitating the blowing of the horn to music of the “reveille.”)

Or else I'd be a drummer-boy,
I'd beat the rat—tat—too,
And then I would not have to grow,
For size, I think I'd do,

And tho' I would not like to see
Folks killed! Or think it right!
Yet if my comrades had to go,
I'd lead 'em in the fight.
And I'd beat—beat—beat—
The rat—tat—tat—tat—too,
And every rap to "Rebs" would say,
"Look out! We're after you!"

(Imitates beating the drum to music of the
"rat—tat—too.")

Or else I'd be a cavalry man,
And ride a big black horse.
My hair a-flowing down my neck,
A long moustache, of course,
Gold lace upon my uniform.
A plume upon my hat,
And silver spurs upon my boots,
Side arms and all of that.
And I'd charge—charge—charge!
So awful I would fight;
Skedaddle! How the Rebs would run,
Whene'er I came in sight.

(Charges by raising aloft her hand as if with
sword. Spirited music.)

But since I cannot be a boy,
Or ever be a man,
Or ever be a soldier,
I'll do the best I can.
To Encampment No. 90
I'll be a daughter, true,
I'll love the starry banner,
That is loved so well by you.
And I'll pray—pray—pray,
“Dear Lord, with loving hand,
Guide the dear old Union veteran
Who fought to save our land.”

(Kneels with folded hands. Music low and sweet.)

THE WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS, FROM A
LITTLE GIRL'S STANDPOINT.

My papa is a G. A. R.,
My ma a W. R. C.;
My brother is a “Son of V.,”
I don't know what *I* be.

My mama says I am too old
To go with her to Corps,
Because I told all that I saw
When I went there before.

I had to laugh to see them march;
 Some fat and some so thin;
 Such funny raps and funny acts,
 When any one comes in.

The president said: "You must salute";
 And O, how she did frown;
 And three raps makes 'em all stand up,
 And one rap sets 'em down.

And Mrs. Gill she sat right still,
 A trying to embroider;
 Another woman who stood up,
 Said she was out of order.

One woman tried to speak her piece,
 And O, how she did look,
 When she forgot, and could not find
 Her spectacles or book.

One woman said: "Mrs. President,
 You talk so loud, I fear
 The Janitor—who's just outside,
 Most every word may hear."

The president she made 'em laugh;
 "What he hears, Mrs. Barm,
 If he forgets as does this corps,
 It can't do any harm."

106 "In the Land of Fancy"

They had a woman there that day,
A new one—Mrs. Thorps;
And when she read her part she called
The Relief Corps a *corpse*.

I just told Dr. Grimes the truth;
Just what they did that day;
And mama shook me just like this,
And looked at me this way.

But I like them,—the W. R. C.
Do lots of good, I know;
And I wish I was *old enough*,
Or not *too old* to go.

Some time I'll be Grand Army folks;
And then besides all these,
I'll make a new society,
And run it as I please.

MEMORIAL DAY REMEMBRANCE.

(First Voice, Boy.)

Plant the flag above his grave,
Where the grasses softly wave—
That is what his heart would crave
Could he speak.

(Second Voice, Girl.)

Step with tender tread and slow,
Think of him who lies below
As he looked long years ago
Flushed his cheek.

(Third Voice, Boy.)

Eager eyes with purpose bright,
Steady arm nerved for the fight,
Heart unfaltering for the right,
Quickened breath.

(Fourth Voice, Girl.)

Think not of the fatal fray,
Think not of the shadows gray,
Think of honors won that day,
Price of death.

(Fifth Voice, Boy.)

Think of all our country gained,
By his sacrifice obtained,
Country saved, and flag unstained,
Peaceful years.

(Sixth Voice, Girl.)

Let his flag above him wave,
Strew the flowers upon his grave
Strong to die. Fret not the brave
By idle tears.

108 "In the Land of Fancy"

(All Together.)

Honor we the true and brave,
So above his lonely grave
Flowers shall bloom and flag shall wave
On this day.

OUR HEROES ARE EIGHT.

All honor to them for deed nobly done,
Our Hobson deserves all his fame;
But then there were *eight*—we hear of but *one*
Who earned by their daring—a name.

There's valiant Montague, Chief Master of Arms,
And Gunner's Mate gallant Charette;
And Murphy, courageous midst dangers' alarms,
And Diegan, with lips firmly set.

And Philips, and Kelly as brave as the best,
As eager to do or to die!
And Clausen, whose valor when put to the test
Was worthy of honor most high.

Our heroes are eight of Merrimac fame,
And this let us never forget;
There's Hobson, Montague, one Murphy by name,
And Diegan and dauntless Charette.

And Phillips, and Kelly and Clausen's the rest,
Of honor give each equal part;
Their names will be found with the truest and
best,
Engraved on America's heart.

THE BROKEN VOW.

"Please, grandmama," said Ted DeVar,
"Just one more story—something *true*;
Why don't you tell about the war,
And Uncle Ted who wore the blue.

"And was he brave? How did he die?
O, grandmama, do I annoy
You with my questions? Now you cry!
O, I am such a thoughtless boy."

"No, no, my child," grandmama said.
And yet she blushed with shame to tell
Of how her boy had been misled;
Of how ignobly he had fell.

But for *his* sake she crushed her pride,
And gently, with a long-drawn sigh,
She drew her grandson to her side.
"How did your Uncle Edward die?"

110 "In the Land of Fancy"

"And was he brave? You ask of me;
He fought on many a bloody field;
Promoted thrice for bravery.

Alas! That he should ever yield

"To that base foe who doth destroy
The souls of those that fall!
Your uncle was its victim, boy—
He died in drunken brawl!

"His promise he had given me,
With hand close clasped in mine;
That he would ever upright be,
Nor touch nor taste of wine.

"This vow he gave—I see his look
As slowly his hand slips
From mine, to lift the holy book,
To press it to his lips.

"A soldier's life is hard, at best;
Fatigue and hunger, heat and cold;
The dreary march, the meagre rest,
With all its train of ills untold.

"For this I shield his name and pray,
That God will save him by his power;
His noble deeds—they must outweigh,
The sin of that one evil hour.

“What sadder fate than his; bereft
Of life as well as fame;
Who died in vain, and dying left
A blot upon his name.

“And this embittered all my joy,
Than mine no sadder lot;
From his sad fate take warning, boy;
Touch, taste and handle not.”

GRANDPA'S OLD CHUM.

My grandpa he was in the war,—
Grandpa and his old chum,
Who lives down there at Engle Bar;
It's fun to have him come.
And grandpa shakes him by the hand,
And pounds him on the back—my land!
'Tis fun to see them laugh, and I
Have seen them laughing when they cry.
When his old chum said he had been
To the Encampment, and had seen
Those fellows they call G. A. R.,
Who'd fought with grandpa in the war,
Then grandpa cried. Tears in his eyes,
He laughed and said, “Now *don't tell lies*;

You say that you saw Tom McClure,
I'd give a hundred dollars sure
To see that cuss. And say, was he
As jolly as he used to be?
There's many a time we would have died
Of home-sickness and sick beside,
But for his monkey shines—and say,
How he could sing! Well, anyway
He was a trump! And you saw him;
I want to know! And lanky Jim,
George Jones and Bill and Bob Balloo;
I wish that I had gone there too.
What's that, old chum, I heard you say?
You're going? No! You're going to stay
And lunch with me"; and grandpa he
Just *makes* him stay; and ma and me,
And little sister what's just come,
He don't like as well as his old chum.

LONG AGO.

On her lap gran'ma did hold me,
Smoothed my apron down—just so,
Had me fold my hands, then told me
She was May Queen long ago—
When they had May Queens, you know,
Long ago, long, *long* ago.



"I went fishin
I caught two—about so long.

Gran'ma's hair is thin and so white,
And her face is—puckered so;
But she's sweeter by enough sight
Than some younger folks I know.
Don't you see how dandeli'ns blow
Turn their gold all into snow?
Gran'ma's hair—it done just so
Long ago, long, *long* ago.

Hair was golden like the sunlight,
Eyes were blue and cheeks were red;
And her skin was smooth and so white—
That is just what gran'ma said.
Dressed in white from tip to toe,
Golden curls and cheeks aglow,
She was May Queen long ago,
Long ago, long, *long* ago.

Just like fairies in green bowers,
Singin', dancin' on the green;
Picking out the brightest flowers,
For to deck their little queen.
Where the daisies thickly grow,
Lads and lassies round they go,
Dancin', singin', bowin' low
Long ago, long, *long* ago."

114 "In the Land of Fancy"

Gran'ma stops. "I'm tired," say she.
"Now run away, dearie," and I go.
Wonder what it is she sees now,
Lookin' far off and sighin' so;
An' I hear her whisperin' low:
"Polly, Betsey, John and Joe;
Gone, all gone, so long ago,
Long ago, long, *long* ago."

A TOUGH ONE.

(Written especially for Charles T. Grilly, Enter
tainer.)

My ma she took me this spring
To see my uncle—did you know
He's named for me? Bet anything
He is. His name is Joe.
Such fun we had! but oh, my legs
Wuz nearly off! that's right;
A chasin' pigs an' huntin' eggs
From mornin' until night.
I rode up on a load of hay,
And I went fishin'—I caught two
About s-o long—well, anyway
I caught 'em, 'at's enuff to do

'Ith just a pin an' cork, an' string
An' John a talkin' 'ith all his might,
An' sayin' I wouldn't ketch a thing,
An' scarin' 'e fish w'at come to bite.
John's their hired man. He's awful rough,
He frowed me off'n a load o' hay;
He said 'at it would make me tough—
I guess I's tough enuff anyway;
So uncle said, he said to ma:
"That kid's a tough," an' ma said: "Pooh!
He's just exactly like his pa—
He gits it honest, w'at can you do?"
An' pa he says: "I guess that's so;
He takes his *meanness* all from me;
I'm gettin' better; an' fur as I know,
You ain't lost any at all," said he.
Land! ma was mad. That's nothin' tho'—
Ma's awful good, she is; sometimes
She *has* to lick me, then you know
She feels so bad, an' cries an' whines,
An' says: "O, Josie, don't you know
It hurts me wuss'n it does you
To be obliged to punish you so?
But then O, dear, w'at can I do!"
"Why, jes don't think about that," sez I,
"Fur I don't care no more'n dirt
About that lickin'—I only cry
To make you *think* I'm gettin' hurt."

116 "In the Land of Fancy"

Then ma feels wuss. But I'm afraid
If I don't strike right out an' go,
I won't see that street parade
And make a sneak into that show.

RUTH TO HER TEACHER.

I love my birdie and my doll;
I love my kittie, too;
I love my parents best of all,—
And *next* best I love you.

WHEN GRANDMAMA WAS YOUNG.

When grandmama was young, she said
That children didn't do
As they do now, they didn't talk,
And tell *all* that they knew.

They only spoke when spoken to,
Sit still and never stirred;
If I'd lived then, I'd never got
'A chance to say one word.

For my mama she talks so fast,
 That papa often sighs,
 And says when she's around he can't
 Get in a word edge-wise.

When grandmama was young, she said
 She knew when it was dark;
 And with the chickens went to bed;
 And got up with the lark.

The children then were so polite,
 When walking on the street,
 Boys doffed their hats, girls curtsied
 To all they chanced to meet.

They said, "I thank you," and not t-h-a-n-k-s,
 In such a drawling tone;
 They did not loll around as if
 They could not stand alone.

They didn't dance McGinty then,
 Kick out their feet, O, no;
 Folks never would got over that,
 It would have shocked them so.

They didn't dance the skirt dance,
 And throw the crowd a kiss;
 But glided like a fairy sprite,
 Their heads erect, like this.

118 "In the Land of Fancy"

For weeks before 'twas Christmas,
So good they had to be,
Or else they would not got one thing,
Or had a Christmas tree.

They knew the worth of money then;
Were so proud of a cent;
For any gift were thankful,
And with it were content.

They didn't sing such silly songs,
As Bessie Blake and I,—
But "I want to be an angel,"
And "Kind words never die."

I would not like such little folks,
Nor like the songs they sung;
I guess that none of them grewed up,—
Good children all die young.

I read that in my Sunday school book.
And Bessie Blake and I
Said we would *not* be good like that,
For fear that we might die.

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES.

(Harry.)

When Christmas comes my brother Fred
And I are each to have a sled,
So papa says. To all *good* boys
Old Santa brings both books and toys,
When Christmas comes.

(Paul.)

I know my mother is too poor,
To buy us toys, but I am sure
She'll have for us some nice warm caps,
Some mittens, and some shoes, perhaps,
When Christmas comes.

(James.)

I wrote old Santa Claus to bring
To me a drum, and everything;
'A train of cars to run by steam,
And all of which I think, and dream,
When Christmas comes.

(Willie.)

You greedy boy! You want it all;
I only want a top and ball;

120 "In the Land of Fancy"

I want what Santa Claus can spare
When *other* boys have had their share,
When Christmas comes.

(James.)

I only wrote old Santa Claus
To bring me all those things, because
I want to *give away* some toys,
To *Paul*, and other widows' boys,
When Christmas comes.

(John.)

That's right, my chum,
With fife and drum,
And singing tops we'll make things hum;
Divide our toys with other boys,
And won't we make a sight of noise,
When Christmas comes.

(All.)

When Christmas comes to you and me,
Bid every selfish thought to flee;
Unselfish hearts and deeds, and then,
"Peace on earth, good will to men,"
When Christmas comes.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

Bring the flowers for children's day;
Children—human flowers are they;
Tender buds that need our care,
Ere the full blown rose is there.

Bring the sunshine of your smile,
Lighting up their hearts the while.
Bring your prayers, like incense given
Pointing their pure souls to heaven.

Bring the words of love that's meet
For their aspirations sweet;
Tender thought and tender word,
For these chosen of the Lord.

Then yourself shall better grow;
"Like unto a child," you know.
Blest for you the children's day,
If a **child** shall "lead the way."

This one day is set apart,
For these blossoms of the heart;
Bless and guide them, Lord, we pray,
Keep them pure as flowers of May.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Out of his bed and out of his room
Hurries our Frank as he hears the noise
Of the guns and the loud hurrahs of the boys;
Smell of burnt powder upon the street,
Fizz of the fire-crackers under your feet,
With star-spangled banner a-waving on high,
With fife and drum and whoop and cry,
Hurrah! Hurrah, for the Fourth of July.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Somebody heard the crack of doom!
Cannon exploded and struck him dumb,
Took off his finger and likewise his thumb,
Some other fellow a-standing nigh,
Got a burnt face and lost an eye,
Fire bells are clanging, the sky gleaming red,
Where urchins threw fire-crackers under a shed;
Still they are shouting and still they cry:
Hurrah! Hurrah, for the Fourth of July.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Freedom can't breathe without plenty of room;
God bless our boys so brave and so fair,
Spark of true patriotism is there;

Blood in their veins of patriot sires
Birthday of freedom forever inspires!
It rings in their voices, it gleams in their eye,
In vain the attempt to check it if we try;
With peace in our borders, flag floating on high,
Hurrah! Hurrah, for the Fourth of July.

IN THE COUNTRY.

Quaint little Ruth of Boston town,
Had never yet seen the country so fair,
Till kind Aunt Mary just carried her down
To the land of flowers, and fresh, pure air.

Her thin cheeks rounded, and turned as red
As the apples that hung by her window sill;
And early she rose from her snowy bed,
And wandered away at her own sweet will.
The grasshoppers breakfasting on the grass,
Go clackety-clock before her feet,
They're dropping their dishes to let her pass;
And the cricket is sawing his wood in the wheat.

The frog that was sunning himself on the log,
Doth answer his wife with an angry flop;
As grumbling he drops in the dirty bog,
To breakfast on spiders and tad-pole chop.

124 "In the Land of Fancy"

The birds are calling their young to dine
 On berries fresh gathered from woodland bower;
The bees are drinking the golden wine
 From the waxen cup of the trumpet flower.

The ants are swarming above the mill,
 With grists of meal in sacks so white;
Sweet voices like music come over the hill,
 From a woodland nymph or a fairy sprite.
A wook in the ground by the scraggy haw,
 Is beating his drum with a rub-a-dub-dub;
And ten old crows with a funeral caw,
 Are calling their mates to church on a stub.

A breakfast is waiting her fit for a queen;
 And kind Aunt Mary to welcome her there;
Ruth tells her of all she has heard and seen,
 In her early walk in the morning air.

JOHNNIE'S DREAM.

Jim Blake struck me and called me names,
 And that night in my bed,
I dreamed I was a great big king;
 A crown upon my head.

And sitting on my throne I saw
Jim Blake pass by that way ;
He didn't know me and I said :
"Your King you must obey."

And then I said : "Go, bring to me
A drink in silver cup ;"
And when he did, I laughed and laughed
Until it waked me up.

DILLY-DALLY.

Dilly-Dally, Dilly-Dally,
It is a common name ;
You'll find them in the alley,
And on Broadway just the same.

And sure, my friend, you can't depend
Upon a word they say ;
They'll promise you, but never true
To promises are they.

What a pity, what a pity,
In the country, in the city,
On the broadways, in the alleys
There's so many Dilly-Dallys.

125 "In the Land of Fancy"

A train was wrecked with loss of life
Because a flagman tarried;
A groom was late, his would-be wife
Another man had married;
A thousand things which mishap brings
To you I might relate;
And say: "The blame clings to the name,
It's Dilly-Dally's fate!"

What a pity, what a pity,
In the country, in the city,
On the broadways, in the alleys
There's so many Dilly-Dallys.

JOHNNIE'S CHRISTMAS.

Papa and mama, and baby and Dot,
Willie and me—the whole of the lot
Of us all went over in Bimberlie's sleigh,
To grandmama's house on Christmas day.

Covered with robes on the soft cushioned seat,
With heads well wrapped up and hot bricks to our
feet,
'And two prancing horses, tho' ten miles away,
The ride was quite short, on that bright Christmas
day.

When all were tucked in and the driver said "Go!"
The horses just flew o'er the white, shining snow;
The town it slipped by us and meadow and tree,
And farm house till grandmama's house we did
see.

Grandmama was watching for us, there's no doubt;
She soon come to meet us, and helped us all out;
And kissin' and huggin' said how we boys growed,
And big as our papa we'd soon be, she knowed.

'And Dot she called handsome and said: "Ah! I
guess
Grandmama's woman has got a *new dress*."
And said that the baby was pretty and smart;
"Dod b'ess it and love its own sweet 'ittle heart."

'And O, the red apples, and pop-corn on strings;
And balls of it, too, and nuts, candy and things;
And O, such a dinner and such pumpkin pie;
I eat and I eat till I *thought I would die*.

'And grandmama urgin', "Now, Johnnie, my man,
I wants you to eat; just eat all you can."
When I eat all I could then I eat a lots more,
And I didn't feel good as I had felt before.

128 "In the Land of Fancy"

At last it came time for us all to go back,
And into the sleigh again, all of us pack;
With grandmama kissin' and sayin' good byes,
With smiles on her lips, but the tears in her eyes.

✱ We seemed much more crowded, and Bimberlie's
sleigh

Kept jerkin' and hurtin' me most all the way;
The robes were so stuffy I couldn't get breath,
And Dot and the baby most squeezed me to death.

All night I kept tumblin' and tossin', ma said,
And frowed all the cover half off of the bed;
I dreamed of roast turkey and pop-corn and pie,
And fruit cake and candy, *piled up to the sky!*

And I dreamed I was sick and just lookin' at it,
A wantin' and yet I could not eat a bit;
And grandmama urgin', "Now, Johnnie, my man,
I want you to eat, just eat *all you can.*"

THE BOASTER.

Who likes the boaster's blustery way,
Who's all for show and grand display;

Who talks about his looks and clothes,
And brags about how much he knows.

Who tries to stretch a half-head higher,
The "looking big" his main desire.

Who condescendingly doth bend
When asked a favor by a friend,

As if to say: "I'd think you'd see
How unlike other boys I be,

"I am a man." 'Twould give me joy
To see this little man *a boy*.

CHEW AND CHAW.

The other day old Mr. Drew
Was talking to my pa,
And soon he said, "Give me a chew."
So pa gave him a chaw.
Just then my pa he took one, too,
And soon they both began to chew.

So then I said,—like Mr. Drew
When talking to my pa,—
To our hired man, "Give me a chew,"
And he gave me a chaw;
And then I chawed, and if you knew,
How *sick* I was, you'd never chew.

CHILDREN AT PLAY.

"Let's play we're keeping house," said Bess;
"And first, I'll visit you;"
And Minnie answered, "Well, all right;"
And to her play house flew.

"Come here, Louise, no fooling now;
Sit right still in your chair;"
She said to her large waxen doll:
"I've got to comb your hair.

"A visitor is coming soon,
Now do as you are told;
When asked to play the pi-an-o,
Don't say you've got a cold.

"I'm glad the baby is asleep,
Dear me, *she's* coming now;
Why, Mrs. Smith, how do you do;"
With a long, sweeping bow.

The visitor returned the bow;
"I'm well, thank you," she said;
"That is just now, but all last week,
I was most sick a-bed."

"Too bad," said Minnie; "my husband's ill,
He's been at home all day,
And such hard times, what we will do,
I'm sure I cannot say.

"I hope he will be better soon;
But how *do* you like my dress?"
"It's beautiful—indeed it is,
You've such good taste," said Bess.

"Thank you,—but must you go, my dear?
So short a call on me?"
"I've got some errands yet to do,
And must get home for tea."

"And *must* you go? Please come again,
When you can longer stay;"
Politely Mrs. Smith replied:
"Thank you, I will, good-day."

EARL'S DREAMS.

When all is dark, I go to bed,
I close my eyes and see
Such pretty flowers and people, too,
And things that *frighten* me.

132 "In the Land of Fancy"

I wish that it was *not* a dream,
When on the cars I fly
To grandmama's, who kisses me,
And gives me pumpkin pie.

But sometimes when I am asleep,
I see a spook,—I scream,
Which wakes me up and then you bet
I'm glad that it's a dream.

THE BIRDS' CONVENTION.

Mary brought the news to me;
Over on the linden tree
Birds held their convention;
She knew not their politics,—
But she thought two factions fixed
The same date, thus getting mixed,
Caused the wild dissension.

Only this my Mary knew,
Beaks did tear and feathers flew,
Every leaf did quiver;
Mary said she never stirred
Through the tumult, till she heard
Sudden splash, and saw dead bird
Floating down "salt river."



“ Dropping like snow-flakes out of the sky
Plump to the ground the snow-birds fly.”

A DILEMMA.

Come, ittie dirl an' p'ay wiv me
 I'll div 'oo my doll to teep;
 My mamma is don away,
 'E nurse is fas' as'eep.

Wite in 'e stweet's a nice sof' pace
 To mate mud pies for 'oo;
 My foot is fas', O, see my face;
 Tum he'p me out, O, do!

My shoe is off, my stottin's wet,
 It's dettin' worse an' worse;
 An' there's mamma—an' now 'oo bet
 She'll div it to 'at nurse!

SILVER-LINED.

Dropping like snowflakes out of the sky,
 Plump to the ground the snow-birds fly.

What do they care for a land of bloom?
 Chipper and happy in storm and gloom,

134 "In the Land of Fancy"

: Bringing with force this saying to mind:
 "There's never a cloud but is silver-lined."

Typical they of a specie of man;
Built very much on the very same plan.

Who in the face of misfortune will sing,
Spending his last pence just like a king;

Flipping it down as if millions he swore
Were his for the asking—aye, even more—

Giving its price to one asking for it,
Not less rich in purse, but poorer in *grit*.

"Dead broke" in pocket and yet ringing clear
The clink of pure metal in words of good cheer.

God bless him and multiply ever his kind,
Who looks on the side that is "silver-lined."

LITTLE ROSE.

With grandmama's bonnet on her head,
Her glasses on her nose,
And mama's old shawl for a train,
A callin' went our Rose.

Just four years old, the little tot;
 "Dood day, my dear," said she,
 When kind Aunt Jane came to the door;
 "I'm tired as I tan be.

"I walked so fas'—my dollie's sick—
 An' I t'ought I'd ast you
 To have your Pete the doctor b'ing,
 An' see w'at he tan do

"To mate her well, for I tell 'oo
 She's jes 'e worstest off;
 She's dot 'e measles an' 'e mumps,
 She's dot 'e hookin' cough.

"She's got a col' right in her head,
 Her toof aches awful bad;
 She's sick 'e worst of any child,
 'At ever I have had.

"Dood-bye, for I mus' go right back,
 For if my Anna Bell Lee
 Should fin' out 'at her muzzer's gone
 Much worser she would be."

"Good-bye, good-bye," said kind Aunt Jane;
 "God bless its mother heart,"
 She adds while watching through her tears,
 The little one depart.

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~~PART IV.~~

~~IN MEMORIAM.~~

~~IN MEMORIAM.~~

O, winds that moan above the mound,
And shift the clouds in circling skies—
Nowhere so sad, so weird the sound
As where my martyred Hero lies.

OUR BOY—OUR HERO.

I.

OUR BOY.

On the threshold of his manhood, with his clear
 and earnest eye,
 Doth he scan the purple distance where his aspira-
 tions lie;
 With no blight upon the budding of his youth so
 pure and fair,
 With a mind whose high attainments are in one
 so young, so rare;
 With his health of mind and body, why may he
 not attain
 All that honest, brave endeavor in recompense
 may gain?
 O, dear eyes with steadfast purpose gazing where
 the shadows rest,
 Is not wealth and honor waiting, love to nestle in
 thy breast?
 There is need of thy strong manhood in the world
 of struggling men,
 For thy counsel is worth having, if by word *or* if
 by pen.



Our Boy.——Our Hero.

There is need of thy true friendship and full
many know its worth,
There is need, God knows, of more like thee, the
flower of all the earth.

II.

OUR HERO.

Was it God that sent the message with its mean-
ing sealed by fate?
Would no hand stretch forth to bring him back
before it was too late?
Question not His plan and purpose—but the in-
struments are we
In his hands to serve the ages; *life is price of lib-
erty!*
God doth heal the heart that's broken, and the
rain of bitter tears
Bringeth forth the grain that's golden garnered
for the future years.
Life is not in living longest, and the heights which
some attain
Are not reached by great endeavor, but by one
swift span of pain.
Lived "our Hero" in the moments more than some
may live in years,
In the glory of that living find we balm for all
our tears.

140 "In the Land of Fancy"

And remembrance brings us ever not a word or
deed that mars
All the glory of his living in the life beyond the
stars!

MY BOYS.

(Affectionately dedicated to the members of
Charles O. Baer Camp, No. 28, Spanish-
American War Veterans.)

MINE, by the love you bear mine own,
The comradeship born of the "blue;"
Not ties of flesh and blood alone
Attune the heart to beat more true.
MINE by the name your proud Camp bears,
MINE by a mother's tears and prayers.

As yet—as yet I dare not come
To clasp the hands so gladly given;
The thought that *his* dear lips are dumb—
The sight of you—O, pitying heaven!
You in your manhood's bloom and pride,
And he *not* standing by your side.

A mother's heart, what it must bear!
What tears of sorrow flood her eyes
Who sees her best pass from her care,
To give his life in sacrifice!
At sight of flag, her soul distressed,
She shrinks from those she loves the best.

But what are broken hearts compared
To country's gain that else were lost?
Great things were won by him who dared
To bare his breast nor count the cost!
Your courage was the kindled fires
Inherited from your patriot sires.

The tiny seed within the mold
Unnoticed lies; the soft rains beat
Till it is hidden; the young and old
May trample it with careless feet;
In time this seed, a spreading tree,
Will "monarch of the forest" be.

So in the years your brave deed lies;
This century wanes and dawns a new;
The millions who their freedom prize
Will give the praise that is your due;
For time will bring the love and fame
That ever crowns the hero's name.

God bless *my boys*—nor will you know
The tender thoughts which in my heart
Shall follow you where'er you go;
Your life of mine must be a part;
Your love for him, your comrade true,
The link that binds my love for you.

DREAM SHIPS.

Black night is like a sea o'er which
Doth sail the ships of poor and rich.
Though none may know in all that throng,
To whom those million ships belong;
And none may know if o'er the main,
Those ships may e'er come back again.

They only know when wrapped in sleep,
Their *own* ships on that wondrous deep;
They only *see* the ships that ride
The waves for them, in wreck and pride.
The ships are *dreams*, in joy or pain,
They may some time come back again.

My ships like birds with great white wings,
Were laden each with precious things;
In slumbers deep I tranquil lay,
And watched them come and sail away.

I waked and smiled nor hoped to see
Those fair dream ships come back to me.

But one at last sailed not away,
Nor left my vision night or day;
My "Day dream ship" I named this one,
Whose glory waned not with the sun.
And never more on that fair sea,
Did other ship e'er sail for me.

At last in vain I scanned the sea,
My "day dream ship" was lost to me;
Through sleepless nights, my soul in prayer
Cried out, "God save my ship so fair."
My ship went down! The cruel wave
Hath yielded up a—*new made grave.*

A DREAM.

In dreams I saw our warriors come,
And endless line, with soundless drum,
And noiseless step—with measure true,
They passed me by in sad review;
Each bore a flag—in words of light
This legend flashed upon my sight:
"For this we died!" Flag of the free!
How dearly bought is liberty.

EXTRACTS FROM POEMS.

O flag, from out thy folds I see
 The face of one that died for thee;
 Lest I might hate thee, tenderly
 I fold thee to my heart, ah! me,
 With anguished cry, "it must not be."
 Thank God! Tho' heart and home's bereft,
 I still have love of country left.

* * * * *

God of the land and of the sea,
 Thou witnessed all, to thee I cry;
 And must our best and purest die
 To set the suffering millions free?

* * * * *

O blessed dead! And for the soul
 Of him who for his country dies,
 O, Lord, is there a higher goal
 Than that won by his sacrifice?

* * * * *

To sleep and sleep, forever sleep;
 No more to wake, no more to weep;
 To sleep and sleep through all the years,
 Oblivious to life's joys and tears;

To miss the joy—to miss the pain,
To miss the loss—to miss the gain;
When life is young, nor troubles deep
Were it not best to sleep, and sleep?

* * * * *

If not a drop of blood were spilled
For thee, proud land, nor life were given,
Our hearts were not one half so filled
With love of flag, or home, or heaven.

* * * * *

No sound shall stir the slumbering breast
Of him who found this silent rest;
He gave his life—he won the fame
That hallows each dead hero's name.

* * * * *

The sun sinks low, the dying flowers
Are passing with the dying hours.
The night is here, the night is long,
Gone is life's light, gone is life's song.
Death is but night, when passed away,
Then dawns the light of eternal day.

PART V.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A MESSAGE.

The thought that I may send to you,
Is like the feather from the wing
Of soaring bird that cleaves the blue,
So vague the meaning it may bring.
But says my thought as says the plume,
"I'm drifting on, through trackless ways;"
And as the bird seeks land of bloom,
So may we hope for happier days.

TO MY MOTHER.

My Mother: Thy name my lips repeat,
Nor can I find the words that's meet
To express the love and praise that's due
To one so good and kind as you.

148 "In the Land of Fancy"

From me that praise its tribute brings
In all unselfish, lovely things;
In Summer's skies if clear and fair—
I see your features mirrored there.

In violets 'neath the woodland tree,
Your gentle, loving eyes I see;
In shadows of the departing day
Your hair of soft and silvery gray.

In noble deeds with self denied
Your own sweet life personified;
All things that's rare, heroic, true,
To me their semblance find *in you*.

MY FATHER.

A stalwart mountain lifts its crest
Above the surging ocean's breast;
The ocean's roar, and chafe and strife,
Compare we to the "sea of life."
In mountain rising from its side
My father's life is typified;
Above the dross that seethes and drifts
In eternal calm his brow uplifts.



"Summer Idyl."

SUMMER IDYL.

Quiver of heat o'er the meadow's breast,
Glimmer of gold where the reapers rest—
The drooping leaves hang breathlessly;
Vaporous clouds in the azure blue,
Radiant light where the sun shines through—
The silver stream flows noiselessly.

Stir of the winds in the quickened leaves;
Billows of gold in the unbound sheaves,
The rippling rill moves restlessly;
Dash of rain in the reaper's eyes,
Lo! With rainbow across the skies,
Our thoughts melt into eternity.

MEMORY'S FLIGHT.

As memory and I to-day
Flew backward o'er a darkened way,
We saw nor tree, nor rock, nor shore,
To mark where we had been before;
The years of loss and pain and care,
Were like a desert bleak and bare,
O'er which we swiftly, wildly fled,
Past graves of hope and joy long dead.

150 "In the Land of Fancy"

When lo! the sound of tinkling rills,
Come tumbling down the verdured hills;
And through each silver streamlet run
A thread of gold from rising sun.
Between the hills on either side,
A valley stretched both far and wide;
And now before my vision lies
All things that make a paradise.

And I am happy, for I know
I've reached the land of "Long Ago."
And lovingly I linger there,
In search of all its treasures rare;
O, skies so blue, O, hearts so true,
O, sights and sounds forever new;
O, land of youth, and love, and bloom,
I lay this garland on thy tomb.

LIKE A VOYAGER.

Childhood merrily doth hide
On a bright, sunshiny day
In a boat securely tied
In some beautiful, fair bay;
Laughing loud in boisterous glee
As the boat rocks on the sea,

Youth approaching cuts the rope,
The boat speeds out. As ne'er before
His heart beats high with joy and hope,
Yet anxiously he hugs the shore.
Till wide-spread scenes of rainbow hue,
His soul with courage doth imbue.
On dancing waves and bending skies,
In rapture feasts his wondering eyes.

Manhood strikes boldly from the shore,
Nor wind nor tide his hand may stay;
The bay recedes as his swift oar
Far out to sea bears him away;
With arm that's strong, heart beating high,
With will to conquer or to die,
Lightnings may flash, and thunders roll,
Undaunted his aspiring soul.

Old age holds forth a trembling hand,—
With eyes half closed and passive brow,
He waited long for cry of "land,"
Content his journey's end to know;—
Nor longing eyes he backward cast
O'er stormy waters he hath passed,
But glad that now, the journey o'er;
He's safely reached the "other shore."

CHRISTMAS MORN.

How sad, how glad,
The Christmas morn!
Some say, “To-day
Dear Christ was born,
And hope and mirth
Flood all the earth;
Who would be sad
This Christmas morn.”

How glad, how sad,
The Christmas morn!
“To-day,” some say
Dear Christ was born,
But oh! He died;
Was crucified!
Who could be glad
This Christmas morn!

Or glad, or sad,
This Christmas morn,
To some will come
A joy new-born.
The fleeting breath
To some bring death,—
How glad, how sad
This Christmas morn.

WRECKED.

Who shall judge the soul of him that died
The ignoble death of the suicide;
Who bereft of all the world holds fair,
Was plunged in the gulf of dark despair.
'Ah! God shall judge when the souls drift in
Who were wrecked on the rock of "it might have
been."

O, the hand that reached with a prayer for bread,
Which was dashed away with a stone instead;
O, the feet that strove the heights to gain,
And were backward hurled to defeat and pain;
He who made his heart shall judge his sin,
Who was wrecked on the rock of "it might have
been."

RECONCILED.

Ofttimes I wander in the forest wild,
Away from all that's irksome to endure;
Nor yet in vain for aid did I adjure
 Dame Nature, whose tempestuous moods or mild
 Doth find diversion for her soul-vexed child.
Who trusts her love in mind may rest secure.
That peace will be vouchsafed which doth assure
 With destiny a spirit reconciled!

MNEMOSYNE.

O, Mnemosyne, I fain would roam
 With you into the far-off past;
 To that fair spot my youth called home,
 When not one cloud the sky o'ercast.

With you! With you! Where cascades fall,
 Their lucid folds imprisoning light;
 Where shadows from the tree-tops tall,
 Are mimic trees in waters bright.

But Mnemosyne, O, pray make haste,
 Past years that brought but suffering;
 Their winding paths I'd not retrace,
 For shining gold or crown of king.

Near by dark Lethe's waves are seen;
 I'll drink, and will forget, you know,
 All the sad years that intervene
 'Twixt now and where I wish to go.

Now swift we fly,—and what's more swift
 Than memory when it takes flight;
 We pause where fleecy clouds adrift,
 Shut in the fairest earthly sight.



“ And shadows from the tree-tops tall
Are mimic trees in water bright.”

I drink from fountains crystal bright;
I stand where purple hill-tops shine;
My heart is free, my step is light,
For all youth's buoyancy is mine.

In shell-decked grottoes now I rest,
Whose vine-clad opening none may see;
I skim across the meadow's breast,
Whilst joy and hope keep pace with me.

I know the village school is out;
I see my play-mates ford the stream;
I hide, that they with laugh and shout
Break not the transport of my dream.

At rest on flowers with fragrance sweet,
'Midst tangled ferns and sombre trees,
With purling waters at my feet,
With cooing birds and sighing breeze.

Day-dreams I weave, and web and woof
Are gold and silver dazzling bright,
A palace looms, its glinting roof
One solid sheet of golden light.

And up its lofty halls and down,
My hero strides, consciously proud;
For never was a kingly crown
To one more worthy it allowed.

156 "In the Land of Fancy"

His hair the blackness that doth fall
When storm rides forth in midnight gloom,
And wraps each star in inky pall,
Then drops it in unfathomed tomb.

And as his hair, his eyes are dark,
Like ocean's depths, when thunders roll.
His look, with love's electric spark,
Has flashed its message to my soul.

My glad heart soars with uncaged wings,
To him whose voice awoke the morn;
Creation smiles, a wild bird sings,
And Heaven crowns a love new born.

But Mnemosyne, must I go
Back to my life of care and pain?
Forgive the thought, you may, I know,
Some time take me with you again.

THE POET'S SOUL.

His soul's a bird that soars and sings
In boundless space with uncaged wings,
Whose tune must be the ecstasy
Born of the joy which fancy brings.

His soul's a flower that doth unfold
Its chalice filled with wine of gold;
Whose nectar drips from inspired lips—
We quaff the sweetness it doth hold.

O, bird, O, song, in fancy free
That spurns this dull mortality,
To wing its flight to land more bright
Than earth-bound mortals e'er may see—

We hear the song our lips repeat,
With joy our clodden heart doth beat,
We pluck the flowers in fancy's bowers,
Which thou hast scattered at our feet.

AUTUMN.

As hectic flush on beauty's cheek
Proclaimeth death is nigh,—
As warning doth the crimson streak
On rim of forest lie.

Each passing breeze upon its wings
Doth bear the dead away;
Each rippling rill a sad dirge sings
Of flowers doomed to decay.

158 "In the Land of Fancy"

The ripened fruit, the golden grain
The husbandman doth store;
In joy or pain the "loss and gain"
He faithfully doth score.

E'en so with life, the summer's days
Do swiftly pass us by,
And lo! We look through Autumn's haze
To see life's winter nigh.

As color from the Autumn fades
Death claims his own at last;
Our good deeds and our bad are weighed,
And balanced up at last.

O, may the good outweigh the sin
And this mandate be given:
"Well done, good servant, enter in
Unto the joys of heaven."

DREAM OF THE WOULD-BE SUICIDE.

From earth, its care and vexation
His spirit did soar on swift wings;
And paused for a moment's duration
To note earth's beautiful things.

Nor sound, nor aught from earthly sphere,
Could vex the soul while poisoning here.

He gazed with rapturous vision—
As his tears were dried away—
O'er the fair, broad fields Elysian
In the light of a perfect day.
Ah! Earth is heaven robbed of its jar,
Heaven, if mortals were not there to mar.

Seen like mirage on an arid plain
Were mountains and sparkling springs,
The billowy grass and golden grain,
And flash of bright, cool wings.
He regretted that ever he dared to soar
Away from the world that was his no more.

He could not go back, for loud and deep
Was the vow he made that day,
That never again his eyes should weep
On that wicked world of clay;
So he opened the gate tho' well he knew
One never went back who once passed through.

Thus he passed the portal, a suicide!
Unfortunate wretch, who's never forgiven!
Between two gates that ever divide,
And never unbar to earth or to Heaven!

160 "In the Land of Fancy"

Pausing there the spirit now lost
On wings of despair was upward tossed.

But only for tortures more vivid, I ween,
Uplifted that he might see
The beautiful earth so calm and serene
From which he had set himself free.
Then falling and falling, how long it did seem
Till he awoke from the dreadful dream!

Over his face the sunshine did fall,
Which bade him rejoice and live!
In shame he turned his face to the wall
And begged of the Lord to forgive—
For the wicked, base vow to be forgiven,
Thankful for earth and the hope of heaven.

IN SYMPATHY.

Sometimes when the day is bright,
Tho' others may not see
A shadow falls across my sight
And dims the world for me.
My startled heart it makes reply:
"The sun is bright within the sky,

All's clear below, above,
But far away,
In grief to-day
Bows one you fondly love."

How swift my soul doth fly;
Its whisper did you hear?
O, tell me do the clouds pass by,
Dear one, when I am near?
And do you chide the hand's caress,
The kisses on your pale brow pressed?
What grief may bring to thee,
Tho' e'er so far,
My peace shall mar
And waken sympathy.

BE NOT CAST DOWN.

The path of fame it leadeth high,
And over rough o'er-hanging rocks;
One instant blotting out the sky
It brings one up with sudden shocks,
Or madly hurls them back!
And oft and oft with tears and pain
One treads the way all o'er again.

But he that dares to persevere
Finds added strength with vantage lost;
And press he onward without fear
To gain the goal, whate'er the cost,
And doth not courage lack,—
Then he will conquer soon or late
Will gain the heights in spite of fate.

THE GARDEN OF HER HEART.

Yesterday—but yesterday
In this garden it was May.

Flash of sun and in the trees
Gush of song birds' melodies.

Passion flowers and roses bright
Blossomed in the golden light.

But to-day—but O, to-day
Desolation holdeth sway.

Killed by wintry, cruel dart
Are the blossoms of her heart!

Gone are birds and roses fair,
Not a bud to blossom there.

Dazed she sits, in wild dismay
This repeating: "Yesterday—

"Could it been but yesterday?
In this garden it was May."

A PERFECT DAY.

Within my memory lives a day—
Few lives hold such a one;
No hindrance fell across the way,
No cloud obscured the sun.

All night I watched. The fair day-break
Showed skies a golden red,
From which reflected in the lake
A warm, rich beauty spread.

A long straight path of shining gold
Led to my paradise.
Warm were the waves that erst were cold
And blue the leaden skies.

I knew the path—its name was love;
The waves were opportunity;
The skies held hope, a radiant dove
Which soared but this one day—for me.

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I found the path, the silvery sheen
Of waves had yielded up
The joy they held; all wreathed in green
Life filled the brimming cup.

I drank the draught, the sweetest yet,
I turned, but hope had fled;
The path was lost, the sun was set;
The perfect day was dead!

ALONE.

I passed where many were meeting,
And quietly found there a place;
I heard friends' voices in greeting
And kisses fell cold on my face.

I smiled when I saw others smile,
I laughed at the jest given free;
Acknowledged new faces the while
Who friends in the future might be.

But the music fell dull on my ear,
Or rose in a discordant tone;
And yet while so many were near
I felt that I walked there—alone!

KIND WORDS.

How sweet the smile but seldom given,
The words but rarely said;
The praise, alas! too oft withheld
Till after we are dead!

Robbed are poor mortals of that which
If given e'er too late,
Might shape the life for nobler deeds,
And change decree of fate.

We reckon not of the souls that starve,
The hearts that proudly break;
The nerveless hand that yet might carve
A name for love's sweet sake.

Too oft its meed of praise is writ
On marble shafts that rise
Above the heart that yearned for it,
And broken 'neath it lies.

So bless the words that bless the ear,
And courage doth impart;
We crave not fame, to us more dear
The praise of honest heart.

RECREANT THOUGHTS.

E'en as a captive bird when free
Doth seek its former nest,
So do my thoughts, dear one, to thee
Fly back again to rest.
E'en as the bird finds nest bereft
Of all that made it dear,
They find thy heart hath little left
To comfort or to cheer.
They fly to thee from storms that beat,
They have no place to rest,
And cry to thee, “O, death were sweet,
If sheltered on thy breast.”

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

And if magician, witch or seer
Should come to me this dawning year,
And say, “Behold, thine is the power
To make one wish at midnight hour,

“Which by black art shall granted be.”
If by your eyes I could but see
What you wish for, by this decree
My wish should bring it dear, to thee.

How I should watch each thought expire,
The wish your words or look expressed,
Should swiftly come at my behest,
If fame, or wealth, or love's desire.

And if I lingered yet a while—
One moment, dear, tho' selfishly,
I'm sure that you would grant to me,
What I should prize the most—your smile.

HOW THE SUMMER DIED.

I saw her lingering yesterday,
Her garments all in disarray;
Her face was drenched and cold and pale,
She shivered 'neath the wild, north gale.
And when the night had passed away,
Prone on her dying bed she lay;
Her cheeks were flushed, her dreamy eyes
Looked far beyond the azure skies;
(The trees stood guard in robes of gold
And crimson, rich in many a fold),
There in the hectic flush of day,
She breathed her last, and passed away.

EASTER MORN.

Forget the pain and sorrow;
 Though darkness clouds the soul
 Night fades in the to-morrow—
 Press on towards the goal.
 The faith that will endure
 "Peace in believing" brings;
 The hope that's strong and sure
 Speeds forth on steady wings.
 No longer sit beside the tomb,
 Thy Lord hath *risen* from its gloom.

SNOW AND SYMPATHY.

In sackcloth and ashes Dame Nature doth sit
 And storm clouds now darken the sky;
 The skeleton shadows through bare forests flit
 Where Autumn's fires flicker and die!

The trees slowly give up their leaves to decay—
 Denuded of all that is fair,
 They stand with gaunt arms reaching day after
 day
 With a murmuring voice of despair.

The "beautiful snow" doth fill all the air
With down like the breast of a dove;
With swift, noiseless step, as babe's soul, as fair,
It comes on its mission of love.

It brings not the voices that make nature glad,
Nor kisses that on her cheek burn,
But it whispers the promise that makes her less
sad,
Of joys that shall swiftly return.

It keeps the heart warm till Winter is passed,
And then on some bright coming day
It answer doth give to the whispering grass
And silently stealeth away.

So never a night so dark to the soul
But the whisper of comfort and cheer
Sustain till the clouds of night backward roll
And the sunlight again doth appear.

FEAR NOT.

'Twas great to dare and die!
To know, in years to be,
The heights put forth by thee,
Should rise and pierce the sky.

So we the twig may bend,
But never see the rose;
Graves point the way to those
Who on and upward tend.

And so we build upon
The deeds of grander sires,
Whose hearts' ambitious fires
Burned, wrought and won!

We hold in memory dear
Their valiant deeds and say:
“Brave hearts, they led the way;”
Then murmur not, nor fear.

Your sons and daughters, too,
Heirs to a mighty trust,
Will never be less just
To your deeds and to you.

THE DREAMER'S HEART.

Give me the heart that holdeth fast
The joys, the songs of long ago,
That finds in memory of the past
A thought to set the soul aglow.

The faded rose, the ribbon blue,
Hid in the poet's *escritoire*,
Brings to the heart forever true
Sweet visions of the days of yore.

For him there is no dead, dead past;
Nor love nor life to turn to pain;
From hopes that die joys that will last
May swiftly spring to life again.

The dreamer's heart doth not grow old;
His life is as his visions be;
What he hath had he still may hold,
Now and through all eternity

SORROW.

There was a time I shrank from it
And turned pale with affright,
And said: "Go back! You may not sit
Beside my hearth to-night!"

Driven by the elves, Hope, Joy and Mirth,
Midst song and laughter gay,
The unwelcome guest did quit my hearth
And soon was far away.

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Now sorrow never leaves my side,
I raise no voice to free;
Whate'er to me shall yet betide
She'll share that fate with me.

My face is pale, the falling tears
Have bleached it cold and white;
From out my life have slipped the years
As stars fade from the night.

You've seen the red flames leap on high
With wild and lurid light?
They faint, they shrink, at last they lie
A heap of ashes white.

'And so my heart, e'en as the flame,
It swiftly burned away,
Then fainted quite and soon became
A cooling lump of clay.

'And sorrow e'er must bide with me,
I'll not bid her depart,
For where more fitting company
For my poor, hopeless heart?

IN DREAMS ALONE.

Suddenly there fell a darkness;
Storm-swept earth and clouded sky,
Making it appear at midday
That the night was drawing nigh;
On the window panes sleet and snow
Turned to fingers that to and fro
Touched up chords dropped long ago.

Skilfully did those same fingers
Touch unerringly each string,
Swept them lightly, lo! I heard
Songs that once I loved to sing;
Lost were years of care and pain,
Banished by the magical strain
Which filled my heart with joy again.

Sweetest memories enfold me.
Slowly swaying in my chair,
Soon a drowsiness stole o'er me
Through the soft, warm, vapory air.
How it happened I do not know,
Transported was I through sunlit glow
To beautiful scenes of "long ago."

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Once again as in youth I stood
On the brow of a purple hill,
Back of me the shadowy wood,
Far beneath the quaint old mill.
Broad the meadows and darkly green,
Rows of poplars of silver sheen,
Fringing the waters that glide between.

Fields of corn and wheat and rye,
Orchards of apple and peach and pear;
This the picture 'neath azure sky—
Never another was half so fair;
Framed was it by the hills of gold,
Circling till their arms enfold
This lovely spot of which I've told.

Set in the midst of this paradise
Gleams the homestead ivory white.
Gazing on it with yearning eyes,
Swiftly I turn with wild delight.
Then my heart by forebodings tossed
Feared that the vision might be lost
That never should I the threshold cross.

Through the gate with hurrying feet,
Up the pathway bordered by flowers;
Under the porch, O, joy complete,
Recompense for clouded hours.

Pausing as tones fell on my ear,
My father's voice in prayer I hear:
"God bless the absent one so dear."

"Amen!" my mother's sobbing voice
Answers in accents low and sweet;
Aloud I cry: "Dear ones, rejoice!
O, turn your loving child to greet!"
Then I awoke this truth to own
That never except in dreams alone
May I behold my childhood's home.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

I've been seeking in vain for that which I found
On a bright summer day long ago—long ago.
'Twas a fountain that sprang from enchanted
ground—

How I found it or lost it I'm sure I don't know.
'Tis first easily reached, for straight it doth lie
From the fount head of life, but when you've
passed by
And have tread the wild maze of life's intricate
ways,
Through sunshine and shadow and storm beaten
days,

'And are fainting and soul-vexed, your steps dragging slow,
Then you think of the grotto you passed long ago,
Of its fountain and rest,
Where cares ne'er molest,
'And you know that its bliss you will never more
know.

O, that beautiful bower on the bank of the stream
Where the air castles loomed till they reached
to the skies,
Where fairies did flit and their white robes did
gleam
Whilst 'neath tresses of gold flashed their soft,
dreamy eyes,
'And birds their sweet songs were caroling near,
'And splashed in the fountain so cool and so clear,
Where blue bells bow low to the lilies of snow,
'And red berried myrtle in the green moss doth
grow
Making carpet like velvet, a couch for a queen,
'And the bright beachen leaves shut it in as a
screen.
But the whispering rills
Talked to me of the hills,
Of the faraway heights that I never had seen.

'And the spirit unrest it did lure me away;
And love found me too, and did offer me wine;
I drank the mad draught and from that very day,
Nor peace nor contentment was evermore mine.
When I reached the far hills then the rich purple
light
Quickly faded away from its mystical height;
And again and again my wild, throbbing brain
Was lured by mirage on the desolate plain;
And I saw in my dreams the grotto of flowers
With the fountain of youth enshrined in its bow-
ers,
And I know—like a star,
That gleams from afar—
It's a world that *hath been* but will never *be* ours.

ONE DAY.

A day so fair, a perfect day;
Then let naught mar its bliss;
"The only one" I must not say
Nor think for once of this.

Like beacon through the gloom of night,
So this bright day may shine;
Upon my life robbed of its light
And shed its ray divine.

To think of it will hope inspire
And lead as ne'er before;
Within my heart as holy fire
'Twill burn forevermore.

THE COUSINS.

From childhood I lived in the East,
My cousin Jane the while
Lived on the prairies—far away
Out West, Oh, many a mile.

Jane's mother was my only aunt
Upon my mother's side,
'And Jane, she was an only child,
Except one son who died.

I am an only child myself,
So it will be made plain
How we, both being of one age—
I loved my cousin Jane.

She wrote me that her eyes were blue,
“As blue as azure skies,”
'And I had written her that I
Had “just the blackest eyes!”

Her hair was "golden as the sun,"
 And mine "black as a crow;"
 She "five feet four," I, "one inch more
 In height," this both did know.

And long before we were sixteen
 She'd written: "Can't you, dear,
 Come see us soon?" and I replied:
 "I hope to come next year."

And so I did, but father's health,
 Ne'er good, was failing quite,
 And I must help to his support
 And do as best I might.

It was so far to Cousin Jane's,
 And they'd much to endure;
 Sometimes they would get "quite ahead,"
 And then the "crops were poor."

And they must struggle hard to live;
 Alas, and such is life;
 At eighteen Jane had caught a beau,
 At twenty was a wife.

I married, too, the self-same year,
 A schoolmate, Bertram Fee,
 And father died and mother came
 To make her home with me.

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She had poor health; I was to her
All that a child should be;
But I had little time to write,
And Jane wrote less to me.

Just one year from her wedding day
She wrote: "Dear Cousin Clare,
We have a baby—named for you—
A girl both plump and fair."

And soon I had this news to send:
"We're even now, 'tis plain,
We, too, have got a little girl,
And we have named her Jane."

But ah! six girls in twice six years,
This was my lot, and she
Had just one-half as many girls
And boys that numbered three.

My mother died and Aunt Marie—
Jane's mother, old and gray—
Came to her funeral, and we
Met first on that sad day.

She stayed awhile. When she returned
I, weeping, said: "Tell Jane
I hope to meet her *once* on earth,
If never once again."

Then, weeping, said my Aunt Marie:

“God grant you may; but hear!
Don’t ever go when Jane is dead,
If not before, my dear.”

“I won’t—I can’t,” I wildly cried,
Remembering, as she did,
The meeting of those sisters two—
One *’neath the coffin lid.*

The years slipped by and Aunt Marie
Long since had passed away,
And Jane and I had never met,
Yet both were old and gray.

E’en now I ever picture her
As young and tall and fair—
The maiden with the azure eyes
And curls of golden hair.

One day this message came to me:
“O, say, dear Cousin Clare,
My son-in-law and wife will go
To see the great World’s Fair.

“And they insist that I go, too;
Just think how good and kind;
I told them ‘no,’ but if you’ll go
I yet may change my mind.”

That very day my husband said:

“Say, Clare, I think that you
And I, although a trifle old,
Might see the great Fair, too.”

And so that’s how it came to pass

That I could not say “no;”

Though it was very far from Maine
To where we had to go.

I wrote to Jane; the day was set,

And place where we should meet;

Dear Bertram said I’d lost ten years
And looked “real young and sweet.”

I know he flattered me, of course,

I had a new silk dress;

On Jane’s account I tried to look

Young as I could, I guess.

Jane’s daughter met us at the train,

And, worried like, she said:

“Poor ma was sick most all the way,
In fact, she’s *now* in bed.”

We soon were at the grand hotel;

In a few seconds more

Were lifted up just as we sat

Clean to the second floor.

"This is ma's room," the daughter said,
"Please come right in, my dear,"
And then I heard a feeble voice:
"My *cousin*; is she here?"

I looked, and on the bed reclined
A woman old and plain,
With livid face, wild, faded eyes,
And voice of querulous strain.

"You be my cousin Clare, you say?
You're *not*, no such a thing!
My cousin Clare has rosy cheeks,
Hair like the raven's wing.

"I won't have no impostors here!"
"Make haste!" the daughter said
To some one near, "the doctor bring;
Poor ma's out of her head."

And so she was; the doctor gave
To her a potion small,
And, dozing off, she, muttering said:
"Not Cousin Clare at all.

"Her hair was black—black as a crow,
Red cheeks, skin lily fair;
And O, I love her—love her so—
My handsome cousin Clare!"

Then I, half fainting and half-dazed,
Sat muttering through my tears:
"Is this what I have waited for
Through all the weary years?"

And later on I waked to find
I, too, in bed did lie;
The doctor and my daughter Jane,
And husband waiting nigh.

"Dear mother, you've been very ill,"
My daughter Jane did say;
"But you will soon be well enough
For us to go away.

"We'll soon be home, we should have known
Such journey was not wise;"
"But where's that woman?" I replied;
"She with the faded eyes."

"You dream!" John said. "Was it a dream?
I'm sure it can't be so!"
And ever when I spoke of it,
He'd say: "A dream, you know."

And once again when grown quite strong:
"I *did* see Jane," I said;
"Where is she now?" and John replied:
"Your cousin Jane is dead!"



“ When Autumn came whose breath
changed all things new.”

Then well I knew wherewith he spoke
And calmly said: "I see;
In that fair clime my cousin waits,
And watches there for me.

"But when she sees me I will be
The cousin fair she knew;
And she will have the golden curls,
And eyes of azure blue."

So God be praised, the blighted years,
Forth brightest bloom shall bring;
"O, grave where is thy victory,
And death, where is thy sting?"

A SUMMER'S SACRIFICE.

Through what sweet, winding ways
My feet hath strayed,
Through all the Summer's days
That lingering stayed.

Then Autumn came, whose breath
Changed all things new;
Wove Summer's garb of death
Of brightest hue.

His but the hectic flush
That death precedes;
The cheek upon whose blush
The canker feeds.

Then Autumn died and I
Am filled with woe,
For all my treasures lie
Beneath the snow.

My heart no more shall rise
Above the rifts;
A Summer's sacrifice
O'er which snow drifts.

MAD LIZBETH.

No sound doth stir the stillness of the night,
Mad Lizbeth stares through steel-barred window
pane;
Her wild eyes seem to pierce the gruesome light
That falls from half moon now upon the wane.
Her hopes are dead, yet through the silent night
She watches for their ghosts so wan and white.



"Perchance 'tis so, she clutches at the stars,
A shriek rings out upon the midnight air."

And strange foreboding lowers over all
The vanished life so happy, full and sweet;
Is it her own lost spirit that doth call,
And 'gainst the bars its white wings vainly
beat?
And does she dimly sense this truth at last
In yearnings for the ghost of her dead past?

Perchance 'tis so; she clutches at the stars;
A shriek rings out upon the midnight air:
Her frenzied face is pressed against the bars,
The face once tender, sentient and fair.
She laughs aloud,—a maniac's wild refrain;
Then like a statue stands and stares again!

SORROW'S COMFORTER.

Sweet one of the sunny heart
Giving me of its best part;
How can I repay thee, dear?
Not with sigh or not with tear!
Thou hast made my sorrows lighter;
Thou hast made my life seem brighter;
Thy reward is in the thought
That thy presence sunshine brought;
That thou dost to others do
As thou'd have them do to you.

THE STORM.

It was a night of troubled dreams, from sleep
 I oft awoke, awoke only to weep;
 Nor knew I why 'twas so nor could I tell
 If imagination wrought the spell.

Through black clouds peered the blood-red moon
 A weird light scintillating from her eyes;
 Then plunging all the world in gloom
 She sank in pall draped skies.

Now here and there a fading, pale-faced star
 With hectic light that on its cheek did burn,
 Did seem to breathe last words ere yet so far
 Its chances might be lost ne'er to return.

Then moon and stars were gone! A crash, and soon
 The lightnings rent the blackness of the skies
 And piled them up on stars and blood-red moon—
 Great jet black rocks that all the light defies!

The winds like sneaking wolves rushed forth
 And prowling sought through trackless ways;
 The south wind grumbling calls unto the north;
 The north wind shrieks and suffers no delays.

With clattering sound as silver in a glass,
The ice bound rivers her swift feet now spurn;
And prone the forests lie to let her pass,
Aside for nought but God will she e'er turn.

Yet God sits passive on His throne above
Up, up beyond the storm-cloud's din,
He thinks with infinite pity and with love
Of those who seldom think of Him.

I lie quite still with wild, dilated eyes,
So weak a worm, so helpless in His hand,
Whilst thunders crash and lightnings rend the
skies,
And flash o'er foamy sea, and sodden land.

Lost from the fold, a poor, unsheltered lamb
Bleats pitifully, before the storm-cloud driven,
Whilst near it lies a tree centuries old,
By lightning in a thousand splinters riven!

God's eye is on the weak lamb in the mead,
Yet doth he rend to death the sturdy tree;
Ah! None so blind but "running they may read"
The lesson in the storm, that God taught me.

FATE.

On life's broad sea two souls have met
Like ships upon the mighty deep;
One passes on, quick to forget,
The other all its life shall weep.
One ship unharmed the tempest braves,
The other sinks beneath the waves.

LIFE'S BATTLE.

Over all the desolation of a heart in
Sorrow's throes,
Comes a ray, its light unbroken,
Like a rainbow, radiant token,
Like a flash of sunshine gleaming
On the meadow's level snows.

Every night must have its ending in
A dawn of tender light;
There's a joy for every sorrow,
Tears to-day and smiles to-morrow,—
There's an answer to the prayer of him
Who battles for the right.

IN DREAMS.

In blissful flight,
My soul to-night
Doth seek the land of lost delight;
Where silver streams
'Neath moonlight gleams
There my soul drifts, and drifting, dreams.

O, days so bright,
O, radiant night,
In happy isles of lost delight;
In hours like this,
The dream of bliss
In semblance brings the joys I miss.

DESTINY.

The blue clouds floating in the sky
Are mirrored in the waves below;
And so life's shadows flitting by
Reflect in eyes of one I know.
From sky the lake takes deeper hue,
From life blue eyes a deeper hue.

Yet no complaint comes from the lake
Of extra burdens it must bear
To mar the calmness that doth make
Its surface like a mirror fair;
Nor doth the lips of one I know
E'er by complaint his burdens show.

Fitted to fill a kingly place
With spirit grand that well might soar—
The humbler walks his presence grace,
Tho' craves his heart for something more?
E'en whilst he smiles his friend describes
The shadows deepening in his eyes.

MISTAKE NOT YOUR CALLING.

Lucky he who finds his mission;
Trusts the hand that fain would guide;
Humbly bending in contrition,
Keeping close to His dear side.

Like a ship midst millions crowding,
Dark obstructions block the way;
Mists of doubt the sails are shrouding,
As they jostle, rock and sway.

There is one side never failing;
There the channel broad and free;
Where serenely you'll be sailing
Far into the infinite sea.

Life for you is what you make it;
Try not others' place to gain;
Know the path of duty,—*take* it,
And the good Lord will sustain.

WHY SHOULD WE FEAR.

Why should we fear that which must come
To all that breathe the breath of life;
Why should we grieve the laying down
Of that which bringeth care and strife?
Life is at best a Summer's day
Of smiles and frowns, sunshine and storm,
Of blossoms bright doomed to decay,
Of hope to disappointment born.

All that have lived have had to meet
That which all living yet must face;
And would we choose the time to greet
This specter that draws on apace?

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We know not but 'tis better far
The babe is saved from earthly grief;
That on dead face falls destiny's star
Sealing the lips of life so brief.

Nor can we say a fate more kind
Will not bring death to youth's fair bloom;
But to the aged, weak and blind
Who drag their steps towards the tomb.
We know the grave gives rest at least
From present care and earthly pain;
Nor wisest man nor robed priest
May know if life be loss or gain.

Ah! When we come with muffled step
Beside the home prepared for one
Whose sun of life on earth hath set
And leave him sadly there alone.
We know but this: our friend hath gone
Where mortal feet hath never trod;
Where word from him may never come,
Beyond, his "life is hid with God."

None hath the right to prophesy
The dead a future filled with pain;
None hath the right when mortals die
To wish them back to earth again.

That God alone who gave us breath,
Hath right to take it late or soon;—
Trust him to bring us safe through death
Unto that life beyond the tomb.

HOPE.

And Hope is Sorrow's child indeed,
To soothe her grief in direst need;
Her face a star—a welcome light,
That brightest shines in darkest night;
To it pale Sorrow lifts her face
Illumined by hope's love and grace.

SUMMER'S SHOWERS.

The rain did sprinkle, then streamed and splashed;
The lightning flitted, and flared and flashed;
The thunder rumbled, and roared and rolled,
The wind, it winnowed the wheat of gold.

The clouds turned ships and sailed out of sight,
The sun drifted down in a dazzling flight,
The pansies lifted their lovely eyes,
Then a rainbow rimmed the radiant skies.

THE GARDEN BY THE SEA.

Often I think of the time when we
Shoveled the sand beside the sea;
Made a fort with walls and towers,
Made a garden with beds for flowers;
Round, and diamond and heart-shaped, too,
With smooth wide walks a-running through.

Bare-footed, poor and ragged were we,
Building our castles beside the sea;
Youth, and hearts all free from care,
Made the flowerless garden fair;
Wealth have I now, and yet, ah! me,
I sigh for that garden beside the sea.

THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

The midnight hour I love the best,
To me it bringeth balm and rest;
Like trilobite whose darkest night
Could never quench its sense of light,—
So this weird hour to me doth seem
Illuminated by golden beam;
And thoughts like gladsome birds take wing,
And soar aloft and sweetly sing.

SUBDUED.

In thoughtless youth fair nature's bowers
Were filled with sweet and perfumed flowers;
Rejoicing echoed from her hills
And laughter rippled in her rills;
Filled was the sky, and earth and tree,
With rivaling sounds of minstrelsy.

In later years seems changed her mood,
Her laughing waters more subdued,
In vain the red rose flaunts her bloom
Its heart hath lost its sweet perfume;
Turn where I will there comes to me
The sad plaint of humanity.

THE PROMISE.

Along the woodland path I passed
This early eve, the trees had cast
 Their last leaves to the ground;
And where the creek did intervene,
I saw of ice the silver sheen,
 And silence reigned profound.

“The world is cold, the world is dead,
And Autumn’s gone,” I sadly said.

I turned my tear dimmed eyes
Upon the pulseless, frozen stream
When lo! upon its breast the gleam
Of rosy, sunlit skies.

The sun had sunk—and brightest ray
Athwart the ice-bound streamlet lay,
A promise sweet and fair.
That yet again should come the May,
And on some richer, later day
The fruit of Autumn rare.

THE HILLS.

O, for the hills so dear to me;
My heart doth yearn again to see
Their proud heads rise.
All glorified by sunset’s glow,
Whose molten gold doth seem to flow
And melt into the skies.

The boundless prairies must devise
A subterfuge for weary eyes,

Deceitful as 'tis fair.
A city's spires, a lake, a tree,
To break the dull monotony—
Mirage, to melt in air.

Mirage is this, that to my sight,
Doth fill my thoughts, and dreams at night?
A flying argosy,
In which I sail till rapture thrills
My heart again—I see the hills,
In all their majesty!

DREAMS.

O, dreams, thy artist hand hath wrought
The fairest pictures ever made;
Thy life-like pictures, must they fade
And all thy genius come to naught?

MUSIC.

'A siren born where ocean's roll,
Sang her first song an angel cried,
"This is the language of the soul";
And gates of heaven were opened wide.

MUSIC NO. 2.

A "finished world," becalmed it lay
Through all the night. At break of day
A song broke forth—the stars bent down
To place upon earth's brow her crown.

THOUGHT.

A white winged air-balloon is thought,
With wildest aspirations fraught,
Which takes its flight
Beyond the earth, beyond the stars,
Eternity its gates unbars,
And floating in on shoreless seas,
Of vast and unsolved mysteries,
'Tis lost to sight.

YOUNG BRIDE.

Her face is like a cloud of white
Illumined by the pale moonlight;
With soul like stars a-shining through
Her liquid eyes of azure blue.

As rippling wave the gentle sighs
Up-drawn that drown the soul lit eyes;
As summer's rains o'er sunlit space,
A vague unrest flits o'er her face.

The ivory hands that interlace,
Clasp and unclasp in nervous haste;
Upon her face the raptured pain
That artists try to paint in vain.

So passionate, shy and saintly sweet,
From dreamy eyes to dainty feet;
So pure, so lovely and so good;
An angel clothed in womanhood.

THE VOICE OF PEN.

I could not sleep nor could my mind
In thought one mite of comfort find;
My heart mistrusted all that brings
To tender hearts the surest joy—
Mistrust, which is the base alloy
In love and friendship's offerings.

Mistrust—it breathed within my ear
Of "hopes deferred," and every fear

A hundred-fold did magnify;
And “had I friend in hour of need?”
And was not love “a myth indeed?”
It whispered thus, my soul to try.

Then fell upon my burning heart
A holy calm that soothed the smart
Like on dry meads refreshing rain;
A voiceless voice, the stroke of pen,
Which ofttimes shapes the lives of men,
And bids despair to hope again.

In written words the voice so sweet
Spoke to my heart the comfort meet
To bid hope plume again her wings;
No more with fear my mind is fraught,
And in my soul the voice I’ve caught
That like a wild bird sweetly sings.

THE UNATTAINABLE.

The blessings that lift us ourselves above,
Are the blessings we never obtain;
Be it fame or wealth or the boon of love,
’Tis best that we do not gain.
The goal once reached we’re unsatisfied;
The blessing is sweetest that is denied.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

Hope lives in every heart but lives not long;
And joy lies stricken ere its sweetest song
May soar aloft. We do what seemeth best,
But half proves right, the other half is wrong.

In dross and darkness and in sorry plight,
The rarest gem lies hidden from the sight,
And none its value knows till some kind hand
Doth lift it up and hold it to the light.

A woman passed me by with haughty frown;
A priceless jewel sparkled on her gown;
Deep in the earth a brighter gem remains,
And never may it deck a kingly crown.

"It might have been," yet never will be so;
Fate rules our lives and she alone may know;
She bids us rise then in unkindler mood
She hurls us from the heights to plains below.

204 "In the Land of Fancy"

We venture out as ships upon the wave;
The wind is fair, the gentle waters lave
Our vessel's prow. But will we reach the shore?
Or sink in horror to a watery grave.

Why should we seek fair fortune's smiling face,
Or humbly beg of fame a little place?
Ten thousand thousand mortals seek the same,
And of the millions *one* may win the race.

But it remains for wiser heads than mine
To solve these mysteries of a power divine;
And yet perhaps, the Seer who reads the stars,
May miss the message in a lowlier shrine.

MOTHER'S KISS.

The purest thing this side of heaven's bliss,
The gold released from all alloy,
The cure for childish ills is mother's kiss,
The magic touch of peace, the crown of joy.

NIGHT.

With sable robes and calm, white face,
The gentle night draws on apace;
With sombrous curtains drapes the skies,
To veil the light from weary eyes;
And sends her zephyrs ministering
With noiseless step and cooling wing;
Distills the dew that slowly drips
To cool the lily's thirsty lips;
Then on her gentle, loving breast
She folds the weary world to rest.

SPIRIT OF SADNESS.

Often o'er my heart it stealeth,
Whence it comes I may not know;
Hushing every tone of gladness,
Breathing whispers vague and low.

And I know not why this spirit
Hath the power my soul to win;
I only know that it receives it,
Bids the dark guest enter in.

206 "In the Land of Fancy"

And when it hath crossed the portal
Of my soul it holdeth sway;
Hanging dim and somber curtains
Shutting out the light of day.

Hope doth bow her head in silence,
Joy doth flee in wild affright,
Till the spirit slowly rising,
Leaves my soul and wings its flight.

THE SUMMER'S DAYS ARE ENDED.

'Tis creeping o'er the meadows,
Where'er I turn my eye
I see its flaming banners
Proclaim it to the sky
That Summer's days are ended
And Winter's gloom is nigh.

'Tis written in the forest
In hectic flush of leaves,
That are all swiftly dying
And dropping from the trees;
'A million bright lives ended
With every passing breeze.

I see it in my garden,
The roses are all gone,
The lily and carnations
As silently have flown;
The humming-bird and bee
Have followed, I'm alone!

The Summer's days are ended,
Unconsciously I sigh,
In thoughts of golden hours
That sped so swiftly by,
And of the radiant roses
And the sunny azure sky.

A spendthrift of the moments
So filled with joy complete;
I drank of crystal fountains
O'er-brimmed with nectar sweet;
I tossed the brightest flowers
To perish 'neath my feet.

'Tis ended! Ah, I know it!
I turn in sore distress
To pluck my last, frail blossom
To place it on my breast—
Too eager hand hath shattered—
'Tis dead, like all the rest!

The leaden skies are frowning,
And bleak winds rushing by,
As turning from my garden
With heavy heart I sigh;
I know life's Summer's ended,
And Winter's gloom is nigh.

THE OLD YEAR.

Leave me, for I would watch alone!
The old year is my friend;
No other one so true I've known,
So steadfast to the end.
I've tried them all since long ago,
To disappointment, treachery, woe,
They each and all did trend—
Leave us alone;
None loves him more,
'And ah! He knows!
Old year, before
Thine eyes thou close
O, let me whisper in thine ear,
And beg, when thou depart
To take me too, "me too," old year,
O, fold me to thy heart,

And silently across the snow
While glad bells wildly ring,
Thy soul and mine will swiftly go—
The glad New Year may bring
To other hearts of joy or pain,
Of friendship false or true,
But I—I would try none again,
But die, old year, with you.

A THOUGHT.

Watching the birds that southward fly,
Out of a cold and wintry sky;
Into a land where skies are blue,
Filled with bloom of a summer new—
I wonder if I some time, as they,
From my wintry life may drift away,
Out of the cold and out of the gloom,
Into a land of summer's bloom.

THE END.





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